NO. 34
DEC.
PEP
COMICS
10¢
The SHIELD
MLJ
AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!!
GAS

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:
Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE IN THREE COLORS RED—WHITE—BLUE

BULLETIN NO. 13

I'M going to be a kind of transmitter this month. Generally I use this space to talk things over with you members of the Shield G-Man Club, but I stopped up to the office a while ago and got into a discussion with several of the fellows up here and they asked me to forward a couple of thank-yous for them and . . . and, well, here I am doing it.

The first thank-you message comes from Carl Hubbell, the young artist who transcribes all those letters you sent for the Sergeant Boyle contest to the Sarge himself, and both Boyle and Carl are delighted at the swell letter response you gave them. As you'll see when you get to the Sergeant Boyle story further in the book, all contest winners have been announced right in this issue.

The second thank-you message comes from The Hangman . . . and he wants to thank *John S. Anderson, Larry Heaney, James Figeuira, Oliver Anderson,* and *Don McRae,* all of 1340 Blake Street, Berkeley, Calif. for the swell letter these boys whipped up and sent him. I read the letter and thought it was pretty fine, too. The boys told The Hangman about their hate for brute-strength Nazi methods of government . . . and in their short letter they've managed to reflect the opinions of all Americans. We all feel that way about Adolf and Co., fellows. Let's keep doing all we can toward the purchase of war bonds and stamps—and make sure that it won't be long before the man with the moustache is heiling his last heil. Now to say a thing or two on my own hook. Have you fellows and girls seen the latest TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS? It's a magazine which is getting sweller and sweller and funnier and funnier with each issue, and you're really missing something if you don't give it a try. Look it over, and then enter the TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS "opinions" contest. You've a chance to win a portrait of yourself drawn by one of the crack TOP-NOTCH artists.

Keep 'em flying.

Outstanding members this issue:

RICHARD MacGRAY
257 Chestnut Street
Needham, Mass.

WILLIAM BEACH
Route 2
Danville, Ohio

BERNARD BROOK
3447 West 19th Avenue
Denver, Colorado

MARVIN D. SCHWIFF
18 Cedar Lawn Sq.
Galveston, Texas

RUTH MARTINEAU
Maronie Hospital
Covina, Calif.

WAYNE ALBERT FORD
Box 675
Twin Falls, Idaho

ETHEL MOSKOWITZ
729 Euclid Avenue
Miami Beach, Florida

CHARLES SCHUBERT
229 West Des Moines
Salina, Kansas

RICHARD BAXTER
38 Mildred Avenue
Mattapan, Texas

DOLORES REESE
4530 Wayne Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

Joe Higgins

December, 1942. Volume 1, Number 34. PEP COMICS is published monthly by M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Editorial offices: 160 W. Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. Registered U. S. Patent Office. Copyright, 1942, M. L. J. Magazines, Inc. Yearly subscription $1.20 in the U. S. A. Single copies 10 cents. No actual person is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. Printed in the U. S. A. For advertising rates write DOUBLE ACTION COMIC GROUP, 60 Hudson Street, New York City

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND DUSTY
THE
BOY DETECTIVE
IT WAS FUNNY ABOUT THE RUG --- THE WAY IT TURNED UP AT THE MURDERS.
NOT THAT THE RUG COULD HAVE ANY CONNECTION WITH THE CRIMES --- NO, IT COULDN'T. IT WASN'T A VALUABLE RUG ---- JUST A CHEAP, GAUDY BIT OF FABRIC, SOLD OVER AN AUCTIONEER'S COUNTER.
AND YET IT CONTINUED TO TURN UP
WHY?
THAT'S WHAT THE SHIELD AND DUSTY AIMED TO FIND OUT----------
IRVING NOVICK

EARLY ONE EVENING, DUSTY ENTERS JOE HIGGINS' ROOM...
HYA JOE! I... HEY, JOE! JOE! WHAT'S WRONG, PAL?
DUSTY, I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT MY LAST ATTEMPT TO RECOVER MY SUPER-POWERS... THE ATTEMPT THAT DIDN'T WORK! I FEEL PRETTY LOW ABOUT IT! I GUESS I'LL NEVER GET MY SUPER-POWERS BACK!
AW, IS THAT ALL?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT! YOU'VE DONE ALL RIGHT SO FAR WITHOUT YOUR SUPER-POWERS---AND YOU'LL GO ON DOING ALL RIGHT. C'MON, LET'S GO OUT AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND SOMETHING TO HELP YOU FORGET ABOUT YOUR TROUBLES!
AND MINUTES LATER, AS THEY WALK ALONG THE STREET...
HEY, JOE, LOOK-AN AUCTION! LET'S GO IN!
OKAY, DUSTY! MAYBE THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING WE CAN USE!
...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'LL ACCEPT BIDS ON THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD RUG! NOTE IT'S FINE TEXTURE AND IT'S UNUSUAL DESIGN. WHAT AM I OFFERED?
I BID ONE BUCK, PAL!
I'LL MAKE THAT TWO DOLLARS!
HEH! HEH! HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN!
I'LL BID TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS!

STUPID FOOL! I'LL MAKE THAT FIFTY DOLLARS!
$100
$150
$200
$300
$500
I BID 750 DOLLARS!
-- GOING -- GOING -- GONE! SOLD TO THE MAN WITH THE CIGAR FOR $750!
HOLY SOCKS! I DIDN'T EVEN EXPECT TO GET $20 FOR THIS RUG!
HEH, HEH! WELL, I SPENT MORE THAN I FIGURED ON, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT TO SEE THE EXPRESSION ON THAT MANIS FACE!
GEE, DUSTY-- THERE WAS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT BIDDING!
YEAH--- DID YOU SEE THE EXPRESSION ON THE FACE OF THE GUY WHO DIDN'T GET THE RUG? BRRR! HE LOOKED READY TO MURDER THE FAT FELLOW!
SUDDENLY---
DUSTY! LISTEN!
SOMEONE'S YELLING!
HELP HELP
QUICKLY, JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY STRIP OFF THER OUTER CLOTHING AND EMERGE AS THE SHIELD AND DUSTY---
WHY--IT'S THE FAT FELLOW! AND HE LOOKS PRETTY OUTNUMBERED!

HAVEN'T YOU GUYS EVER LEARNED ANYTHING ABOUT FAIRNESS?
SLAM
NO? WELL, HERE'S A GOOD STIFF LESSON FOR YOU!
WHAM
BOP!
YOU ALL RIGHT, MISTER?
YEAH··· G-GUESS I AM! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME!
OKAY, STUDENTS, THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY!
WHAT WERE THOSE FELLOWS AFTER?
G-GEE, I SURE DON'T KNOW, UNLESS··· UNLESS THEY WERE AFTER THE RUG I JUST BOUGHT!
RUG? WHAT WOULD GUYS LIKE THAT WANT WITH A RUG?
NO, I GUESS THEY WERE AFTER YOUR MONEY, THAT'S ALL···· HELLO, SERGEANT? THIS IS THE SHIELD! WILL YOU SEND THE WAGON OVER TO FITKIN AND AMBOY? I'VE GOT SOME VISITORS FOR YOU!
PD
4

SAY, WHAT DID YOU WANT THE RUG FOR, ANYHOW?
MY BROTHER COLLECTS 'EM--- AND I WAS HAVING A LOT OF FUN OVER-BIDDING THAT GUY!---WELL THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO! SO LONG, SHIELD, AND THANKS FOR RESCUING ME!
THEN, NEXT DAY...
JOE! JOE! LOOK AT THIS!
DAI
CHARLES BARTON NOTED MANUFACT FOUND DEAD
CHARLES BARTON
CHARLES BARTON, NOTED MANU-FACTUR-ER, BE-SOING AT [illegible] 64TH ST. WAS FOUND
SURE IS A FUNNY COINCIDENCE, HUH, SHIELD?
I'M NOT SO SURE IT'S JUST A COIN-CIDENCE! WE'D BETTER GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!
STEP IT UP, DUSTY! THIS IS THE 1900 BLOCK!
WE'RE THE SHIELD AND DUSTY, MRS. BARTON. WE'VE COME TO SEE YOU ABOUT--- ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH!
JUST ON A HUNCH MRS. BARTON, WHERE'S THAT RUG YOUR HUSBAND BOUGHT YESTERDAY?
WHY--- WHY HE SENT IT TO HIS BROTHER BILL AT 222 POWELL STREET BILL LIVES IN APARTMENT 14

HEY, T-TAKE IT EASY, SHIELD! I CAN'T FLY, YOU KNOW!
POWELL STREET'S ONLY A FEW BLOCKS AWAY.
THERE'S THE BUILDING NOW!
LET'S GET UP-STAIRS QUICK! I GOT A--- FUNNY FEELING---
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY BEAT US OVER HERE!
HOLY MACKEREL!
W. BARTON ARCHITECT
SUDDENLY---
THE DOORBELL!
RING
CITY DELIVERY! PACKAGE FOR WILLIAM BARTON!
I'LL TAKE IT!
WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF---- IT'S THE RUG!
JUMPIN' JEEPS!

HEY, WAIT---A--- MINUTE! DUSTY! THE MURDERED GUY WAS AN ARCHITECT! SEE IF YOU CAN LOCATE SOME TRACING PAPER AROUND THE PLACE!
I'LL LOOK AROUND SHIELD!
YOU GOT IT! GOOD! HAND IT HERE!
LET'S SEE NOW! IF I'M RIGHT----
I AM RIGHT, DUSTY, THERE'S A MAP WOVEN INTO THE DESIGN OF THIS RUG!
SUDDENLY---
ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, SHIELD! THERE IS A MAP ON THE RUG!--- MIKE! JOE! GET THE RUG AND THE TRACING HE JUST MADE!
THERE'S OUR CUE, DUSTY!
RIGHT!
LET'S TAKE 'EM!

COUNT 'EM OFF, DUSTY! ONE!
TWO!
WHAM
BAM
THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU COUNT!
THREE!
SOK
WHAM
I'M NOT SO SURE OF THAT, TOUGH GUY!
SLOGG! SLOGG! HELP ME!
I'LL FIX THE PUNK!
THAT DOES IT! YOU GUYS TIE THESE TWO UP AND GET 'EM OVER TO THE HIDE-OUT! I THINK I'VE GOT A USE FOR THEM!

NOW TO BURN THIS TRACING!
GOOD! EVERYTHING'S ALL SET-- EXCEPT FOR MY TALK WITH THE SHIELD AND DUSTY! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE HIDEOUT AND CLEAN THAT UP!
LATER AT SLOGG'S HIDEOUT
I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU GUYS! TELL ME-- HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS?
A MILLION DOLLARS!
LET'S HEAR YOUR PROPOSITION!
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED!
IT ALL STARTED A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO, WHEN I WAS OUT IN SINGAPORE A COCKNEY SEAMAN TOLD ME A STRANGE STORY-- A STORY ABOUT A RUG--
I TELL YOU, GUV'NOR- THIS RUG IN MY CABIN ABOARD THE MARIA HAS A MAP ON IT SHOWING HOW TO GET TO A LOST AZTEC CITY! THERE'S MILLIONS IN GOLD THERE I TELL YOU-- MAYBE BILLIONS!
G'WAN! I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT!
I PRETENDED TO SCOFF BUT WHEN WE GOT OUTSIDE --
THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, PAL!
YAHAHAHAH

THAT NIGHT, I SNEAKED ON BOARD THE MARIA---
THEN, WHEN THE SHIP WAS WELL OUT TO SEA, I SET FIRE TO THE CARGO....
THE ENTIRE CREW RAN TO PUT OUT THE FIRE, AND WHILE THEY WERE KEPT BUSY, I GOT THE RUG....
THEN, WITH THE RUG UNDER MY ARM, I STOLE A LIFEBOAT AND STARTED AWAY THE FIRE ON THE SHIP CONTINUED TO BURN...
BUT WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THE MARIA WAS SHIPPING DYNAMITE. BEFORE THE LIFEBOAT HAD EVEN BEGUN TO SAIL AWAY...
KAROOOOM!
THE NEXT THING I KNEW A MAN WAS BENDING OVER ME....
EASY, SON, EASY! YOU WERE THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE MARIA! WE FOUND YOU IN THE WATER WITH YOUR RUG CLUTCHED UNDER YOUR ARM!
MY RUG! WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT?
WHY, I GAVE IT TO SOME NATIVE IN THE MALAYS! IT WAS JUST A CHEAP WATER SOAKED CARPET! I--- I DIDN'T THINK--
I FOLLOWED THE RUG FROM CITY TO CITY--- HUNTING DAY AND NIGHT IN BAZAARS IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD. BUT THE RUG WAS ALWAYS AHEAD OF ME--
UNTIL FINALLY, AT AN AUCTION HOUSE RIGHT IN THE CITY---
DONALD STYLE AUCTIONS
HOLY MIKE! THERE IT IS-- RIGHT IN [illegible]!

AND THEN THAT FAT FOOL OVERBID ME--- AND I HAD TO LET HIM WIN THE BID BECAUSE I THOUGHT HE KNEW SOMETHING--- BUT I GOT THE RUG NOW! HEH, HEH, HEH! I GOT IT NOW!
EXCUSE ME FOR A MINUTE! I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO FINISH!
OH, SO YOU'RE NOT WITH ME EH? THEN I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU TOO!
THESE ARE THE MEN WHO HELPED ME GET THE RUG! I CAN'T USE THEM ANY MORE--- BUT I CAN USE A COUPLE OF GUYS LIKE YOU ON MY EXPEDITION! ARE YOU WITH ME?
WITH YOU! THE DEVIL WE ARE, YOU MURDERING RAT!
YOU GO FIRST BRAT!
DUSTY!
NOW WATCH YOUR PAL DIE, SHIELD!
YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF, WISE GUY! THAT LONG STORY YOU TOLD GAVE ME PLENTY OF TIME TO LOOSEN THESE ROPES!
H---HURRY, SHIELD! HURRY! THIS--- GAS IS--- GETTING ME!
THE SHIELD'S LOOSE! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
SUDDENLY.

HE'S GETTING AWAY! AFTER HIM, DUSTY!
SLOW UP! THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!
NO, SHIELD! I'M NOT GOING TO LET ANYTHING STOP ME NOW!
BUT AS SLOGG RUNS FORWARD, HE TRIPS --- ON HIS OWN RUG --
BUT I THINK I'LL STOP JUST LONG ENOUGH TO FINISH YOU!
AND FALLS --- ON HIS OWN KNIFE ---
WITH A GREAT EFFORT SLOGG LIFTS THE RUG AND...
[--- I'M DYING! IF I CAN'T -- CAN'T HAVE THE RUG, NOBODY CAN!
AAAAAAAGH
DUSTY RUSHES FORWARD BUT---
NO, DUSTY LET IT BURN!
BUT, SHIELD! WHY?
THAT RUG HAS DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE ALREADY! MURDER AND DEATH HAVE FOLLOWED IN ITS WAKE WHEREVER IT TRAVELED! LET IT BURN!
THE END
THE SHIELD AND DUSTY APPEAR IN PEP COMICS AND SHIELD-WIZARD COMICS! FOLLOW THEIR UNUSUAL ADVENTURES IN BOTH THESE MAGAZINES!

NOTICE! BECAUSE OF THE THOUSANDS OF LETTERS OF APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP YOU'VE SENT IN--SO MANY THAT WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO TABULATE AND ALPHABETIZE THEM AS YET--THE *YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA* PAGE WILL NOT APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE. HOWEVER, THE PAGE WILL RESUME NEXT ISSUE, L ST-ING, AS IN THE PAST, THE NAMES OF ALL NEW MEMBERS. IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE SO, SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THE *YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB*, RM. 315, 60 HUDSON ST., N.Y.C. JOIN THIS CLUB FOR PATRIOTIC AMERICANS!

MEET THE EDITOR

by SCOTT FELDMAN

ONE bright April morning about a million years ago —or anyway, it *feels* like a million years ago—I meandered over to 60 Hudson Street, to begin work as assistant editorial director for the M.L.J. comic magazines.

I took the elevator up to the third floor, and started to enter the M.L.J. offices at Suite 315. At this point, a man came rolling out and almost knocked me over.

The man was clutching a manuscript in his hand, and he looked as though he had just fallen off a roller-coaster and landed on his head.

Halfway into the long hall which precedes the outer office, I tangled with another man. *This* fellow had an artist's portfolio under his arm, and he looked like he'd fallen off the same roller-coaster.

I later learned that both these men had just emerged from a story conference with Harry Shorten, my new boss . . . and that they'd had their bad ideas tossed out so quickly and new ideas added so quickly that it sent them away pretty much dazed.

Well, maybe I'm exaggerating a bit. Maybe a story conference with Harry Shorten doesn't produce such mind-whirling effects. But I do know that H.S. has the peculiar knack of considering a story and getting right to the basic wrongs, if any. You can call him a hard editorial master, and you can call him a slave-driver, but his habit of working with artists and writers through every stage produces the best comic stories published. *You* know what I mean if you read his magazines.

Here are some personal details.

Harry Shorten's a young fellow, twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Height, 5-11; weight about 190; all muscle. I remember my first impression when meeting him. "Here," I said to myself, "is a guy I'll never attempt to poke in the snoot." I wasn't surprised when I learned later that Short had starred on the New York University football team (been All-Eastern, in fact) and had later played pro football in the American League.

Unlike many people in the writing business, who pounded typewriters while biting their teething rings, Harry Shorten, up till the time he entered college, had no idea that he was headed for a literary career. But he was on the football team at NYU, and this gave him an idea for a book called, "How to Watch a Football Game." He wrote the book, and the book was published. It had a spectacular sale . . . and this made him think more seriously about writing. He began to write sports stories for the pulp magazines in his spare time.

All this while, he was continuing his college work as a Geology major, and by the time he had graduated with honors, he'd sold so many sports stories that he'd lost count.

Well, he was out of college now, and while he was waiting for something good to develop in the geology field, he continued to write more sports stories. Then someone asked him to write some stories for the comic magazines. He started on these, and was so successful, that before he knew it he'd been made editorial director up here at M.L.J. Shortly afterwards he was offered an excellent position in Washington as a geologist, and he refused it. . . .

At present, he manages PEP COMICS, ZIP COMICS, TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, HANGMAN COMICS, JACKPOT COMICS, and SHIELD-WIZARD COMICS. Editing two magazines is a man-sized job; Short edits six, and handles his work capably. He accounts for his ability to get all his work done on deadline to Irving Novick, Bob Montana, Paul Reinman, Carl Hubbell, "Red" Holmdale and all the other crack artists who work for him.

Short's a settled married man now, with a beautiful wife named Rose, and a fifteen-month-old daughter named Melinda who is the sweetest, swellest, cutest, loveliest, most wonderful and amazing baby girl on earth. (Honest, this description is strictly my own opinion. The fact that Short is holding a baseball bat near my head as I write has nothing to do with it.)

To sum up, it's a pleasure to work for the guy. Yessir, I—wait a minute!

SCOTT FELDMAN—COME HERE!!!!

Ulp! I guess he's found out about that spelling error I missed when I proofread that Shield story. All right, I'm coming. I'm coming. Keep your shirt on.

$$$&"**!!!! There must be an easier way of earning a living!

Coming, boss. . . .

THE HANGMAN
SABOTAGE!
WARS AREN'T COMPLETELY WON ON THE BATTLEFELD. THEY'RE WON WHEN ONE SIDE RUNS OUT OF MATERIAL
THAT'S HOW THE NAZIS INTEND TO WIN THIS WAR THEY'RE TRYING TO CRIPPLE OUR OIL SUPPLY.
THEY'RE TRYING TO CRIPPLE IT BY DESTROYING OUR OIL RIGHT AT ITS SOURCE.
THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE TRYING TO DO. AS OUR STORY OPENS, THE HANGMAN IS ON HIS WAY TO AMERICAN OIL FIELDS IN MEXICO TO MAKE SURE THEY WON'T!----

OUR STORY OPENS AT GALVILO, MOST IMPORTANT OIL TOWN IN MEXICO--
IN THE DARKNESS, A CROUCHED FIGURE WORKS FURIOUSLY---
VUN MORE MINUTE UND DIS PLACE VILL GO UP IN SMOKE!
A PEON APPROACHES---
FOR DIOS! A LIGHT! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!
EET--EET'S A SABOTEUR!
ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, MY FRIEND!
WHACK
UND MAYBE I'LL TRY A LITTLE SABOTAGE ON YOU!
SUDDENLY---
MAYBE YOU WON'T, NAZI!
THE HANGMAN!

AT YOUR SERVICE!
WHAM
THELMA GORDON RUNS UP--
HANGMAN! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
THIS CUTE BOY WAS ABOUT TO SET THE OIL FIELDS AFIRE, THELMA!
THEES EES NOT THE FIRST TIME THEENGS LIKE THEES HAVE HAPPENED, SENOR--BUT WE ALWAYS THOUGHT THEM ACCIDENTS!
I KNOW! I'D HEARD ABOUT IT! THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT AN ORGANIZED BAND OF SABOTEURS IS OPERATING HERE--
LATER AT THE OFFICE OF MIGUEL LOPEZ, WARDEN OF THE NEARBY PRISON--
AND SO WHEN I READ ABOUT ALL THESE 'ACCIDENTS' I DECIDED TO CHECK UP ON THEM, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
WE ARE DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU, SEÑOR HANGMAN!
WE'D BETTER VISIT THE NAZI AND SEE IF WE CAN FORCE SOME INFORMATION OUT OF HIM!
I'LL TAKE YOU THERE, HIS CELL IS RIGHT DOWN THE HALL!
YOU'RE IN A SPOT, PAL! ARE YOU READY TO TALK AND SAVE YOUR NECK? WHO'S THE HEAD OF YOUR RING?
TALK? SURELY YOU'RE JOKING! I HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO SAY!
OUTSIDE--
--AND HE WAS ABOUT TO SET THE OIL FIELDS ON FIRE! THE WHOLE TOWN WOULD BURN TO THE GROUND!
THE DIRTY PIG!
WHY WAIT TILL A JURY HANDS IN A DECISION? WHY SHOULDN'T WE TAKE JUSTICE INTO OUR OWN HANDS?
YOU'RE RIGHT PEDRO!
LET'S STRING HEEM UP!

AND IN THE CELL---
THE CROWD OUTSIDE-- THEY--THEY'RE GOING TO STORM THE PRISON AND LYNCH THE SABOTEUR!
THEN AN OMINOUS BEAM CUTS THROUGH THE DIM-LIT CELL, ACROSS THE HORRIFIED FACE OF THE NAZI — THE SIGN OF THE GALLOWS.
THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU, NAZI! COMING TO HANG YOU. SOON YOU'LL BE A CORPSE SWAYING IN THE WIND... HANGING THERE UNTIL THE BUZZARDS LICK YOUR BONES CLEAN!
YOUR FUEHRER CAN'T SAVE YOU FROM THAT FATE- BUT I CAN-IF YOU'LL TALK!
Y YES I'LL TALK! I DON'T VANT TO DIE SO HORRIBLY!
I'D LIKE TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE, WARDEN- TO SAVE HIM FROM THE MOB! DO YOU HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS TO DOING IT MY WAY?
NO, NO! NONE AT ALL! ANYTHING YOU SAY!
MY DEPUTY AND I WILL HOLD THE CROWD OFF AS LONG AS POSSIBLE! GOOD LUCK!
THANKS! I'LL NEED IT!
AT THAT MOMENT THE MOB BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR---
WHERE EES HE, LOPEZ? WHERE EES THE DOG? TELL US OR WE KEEL YOU, TOO!
STAND BACK! STAND BACK! OR THERE'LL BE BLOODSHED!
WE'RE WARNING YOU, LOPEZ! WE DON'T WANT TO HARM YOU, BUT IF YOU DON'T STEP ASIDE---

SUDDENLY-
CRASH
WHAT-- WHAT'S THAT?
LOOK, THE NAZI IS GONE AND---AND THE BARS OF THE WINDOW ARE TORN AWAY!
AND IN THE HANGMAN'S CAR FROM WHICH THE CELL WINDOW STILL HANGS--
THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO!
OKAY, NAZI- TALK AND TALK STRAIGHT! THE MINUTE I THINK YOU'RE LYING TO ME YOU GO RIGHT BACK TO THAT MOB!
I--- I'LL TALK! ALL THE THINGS WE DO ARE PLANNED BY ONE MAN- WHOSE NAME--
VELL! HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN HANGMAN!
CAPTAIN SWASTIKA!
VAAAAAAAHH

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
NOT QUITE, HANGMAN--
IT IS NOT SO EASY TO KILL A MAN OF MY STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE! WITH THE AID OF MY FRIEND CEDRICK HERE I AM OPERATING MORE SUCCESSFULLY THAN EVER!
MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO PUT A STOP TO THESE OPERATIONS OF YOURS, SWASTIKA!
I THINK NOT! CEDRICK TAKE CARE OF HIM!
GEE THANKS, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS!
TSK, TSK! CLUMSY!
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU MYSELF, HANGMAN!
NO, SWASTIKA-- I THINK I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
AND IT WOULDN'T BE POLITE TO LEAVE YOU BOYS OUT OF THINGS-- NOW WOULD IT?
BLAM!
6

SO LONG, BOYS!
AFTER HIM! HE CAN'T GET AWAY! HE'S HEADED RIGHT TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF!
HOLY CATS! I'M STUCK!
STUCK IS THE RIGHT WORD, HANGMAN! I BEEN WANTING TO CARVE YA' UP WIT' MY ICE-PICK FER A LONG TIME, AND NOW
HE--HE'S JUMPED!
LOOK! DER HANGMAN'S CAPE FLOAT.NG ON DER VATER BUT NO SIGN OF DER HANGMAN!!
DER R.VER MUST BE AT LEAST A HUNDRED FEET DOWN! HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!--- COME, WE'D BETTER FINISH OUR LOOK ON DOSE OIL FIELDS!

BUT THE HANG MAN IS NOT DEAD---
WHEW! IT WAS A LONG SHOT JUMPING FOR THIS VINE- BUT IT WORKED! I'M HIDDEN FROM THEIR SIGHT BY THIS MOUNTAIN BRUSH!
GOOD LORD! THE VINES BREAKING!
LOOKS LIKE I'M SUNK!
SUDDENLY A ROPE DROPS DOWN---
WHEW!
I WONDER WHO MY LIFE SAVER IS!
THELMA! HOW DID YOU FOLLOW ME OUT HERE?
WITH THE WARDENS CAR, HANGMAN-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT A MINUTE TO WASTE! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE OIL FIELDS-- AND PRONTO!

AND JUST OUTSIDE THE OIL F-F-D---
ALL RIGHT MEN--YOU'VE GOT YOUR ORDERS! YOU KNOW VOT TO DO!
HERE, ICEPICK--DER OTHER MEN ALL HAVE GUNS! HERE IS VUN FOR YOU!
HEH HEH! YOU'RE A GREAT KIDDER CAP! YOU KNOW MY ICE PICK DOES ALL MY WIPING OUT JOBS FOR ME!
WE'RE ALL SET! LET'S GO!
CARAMBA! THOSE CARS ARE COMING RIGHT TOWARDS US!
STOP! STOP!
YAAAAAAAH
MORE MEXICAN SOLDIERS RUSH FOWARD, BUT---
FINISH OFF EFERY VUN OF DEM!
RAT-A-TAT-A-T
A LONE SENTRY, UNSEEN, MANNING A MACHINE GUN ATOP THE WALL, HUGS THE SHADOWS, WAITS FOR THE NAZIS TO EMERGE, AND

DIE-- YOU DIRTY NAZI RATS!
AEEEEE
VOT---?
AND NOW TO GET THER LEADER---
THE FOOL! I'LL UNSCREW MY ICEPICK--
ICEPICK TOSSES HIS WEAPON---
AAAAAAH!
I NEVER MISS, CAP! HE HE HE! I NEVER MISS!
ALL RIGHT MEN! LIGHT YOUR TORCHES UND GO TO VORK!
HA HA! DIS IS DER END OF VUN MORE MENACE TO THE NAZI CAUSE!
BUT ICE-PICK IS NOT QUITE SO HAP-PY FOR AS HE STANDS ON THE TURRET WALL--

THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY OF SHUTTING YOU UP FOR A WHILE! I'VE PLENTY OF WORK AHEAD OF ME!
AIEEEEEE
CRACK
MEANWHILE ONE OF THE NAZIS PREPARES TO HEAVE HIS TORCH RIGHT AT THE
DIS I DO FOR DER FUEHRER!
AND THIS I DO FOR F.D.R.!
NOW, YOU GUYS--STAND WHERE YOU ARE! THE FIRST ONE TO MOVE GETS A STOMACH FULL OF LEAD!
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! CHARGE HIM! ARE VE GOING TO LET ONE MAN END OUR PROJECT?
THE NAZIS SWARM FORWARD
SORRY BOYS--- BUT YOU'RE FORCING ME TO DO THIS!
AEEEEEE

AND JUST THEN, MORE MEXICAN SOLDIERS SPEED THROUGH THE GATE---
CARAMBA!...LOOK, PEDRO! SEÑOR HANGMAN HAS ALREADY SUBDUED THE NAZIS!
BUENO, HANGMAN! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE DOGS NOW!
BUT---
SWASTIKA! HE'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!
QUITE A HABIT OF YOURS, RUNNING OUT ON THE BOYS WHEN THE GOING GETS ROUGH, EH SWASTIKA?
I'LL FIX YOU FOR RUINING MY PLANS!
WHAM
YOU'LL NEVER BOTHER ME AGAIN!
DON'T COUNT ON THAT, PAL!

MEANWHILE ICE-PICK HAS REVIVED AND---
THERE'S THAT XRBPID HANGMAN AGAIN I'LL CHOP HIM DOWN THIS TIME - BUT GOOD!
BUT AS HE TOSSES THE WEAPON CAPTAIN SWASTIKA STUMBLES TO HIS FEET---
VAAAAAH
THEN BEFORE ICE-PICK CAN ESCAPE, A MEXICAN SOLDIER SIGHTS HIM TAKES AIM---
BANG!
I THINK THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM!
YES! AND THIS TIME SWASTIKA IS DEAD-PERMANENTLY!
!!! GENERAL CARLOS SIERRA HEAD OF THIS DIVISION! IF YOU HADN'T HELD THOSE NAZIS AT BAY, OUR CAUSE WOULD HAVE SUFFERED A VITAL BLOW, HANGMAN!
SWASTIKA KNEW THAT TOO, GENERAL. THAT'S WHY HE TOOK SUCH A DESPERATE CHANCE!
AND NEXT DAY---
BOB DICKERING! I'M STILL ANGRY AT YOU! I CAME OUT HERE FOR A STORY ON LATIN AMERICAN RELATIONSHIP IN THIS WAR-AND YOU CAME ALONG ON THE EXCUSE YOU WANTED A VACATION!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT YOUR SABOTAGE SUSPICIONS? WHY, YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME AT ALL, BOB DICKERING!
I'M JUST CATCHING SOME OF THAT VACATION I TOLD YOU ABOUT, THEL. ZZZZZZ.
THE END

MURDER MAKES A PHONE CALL

A HANGMAN STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

BOB DICKERING had seen Sidney Benton looking like this before. He'd seen him this way during the thirty-odd times he'd attended a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, with Sidney Benton doing the Romeo. Benton looked just as he had looked during each of Romeo's death scenes.

But this wasn't acting.

Benton lay on the deep-red couch in his living room, the ornate French telephone he had been using still clutched in his slender, lifeless fingers.

Over his body hovered Mac Messner, looking like a worried, bespectacled scarecrow. Messner was the worst dressed, and the richest, actor's agent in Hollywood. Messner moaned, over and over, "My star client!"

The coroner diagnosed the death as having come from electrical burns, and Mac Messner and Bob Dickering were asked down to Police Headquarters.

It was murder, no doubt about that. Someone had rigged up Benton's phone so that when he lifted the instrument he'd received a fatal electrical shock.

Mac Messner testified that Benton had just come in from New York to make a picture for one of the Hollywood studios; that he, Messner, had personally ordered the telephone installed; that the telephone had been installed just that afternoon; and that, although the number was an unlisted one and could not be gotten through the Information operator, a dozen people had been in Benton's apartment that night and could have set up the death trap and noted the phone number. Dickering had been walking toward Benton's door and heard the phone ring and stop ringing as it was picked up . . . followed a split second later by Benton's strangled scream. Shortly afterwards, Messner had appeared.

All this Messner testified. And Bob Dickering, who had been Sidney Benton's childhood friend, said nothing. He just waited. . . .

He waited until Messner and he were released. He told Messner that he was tired and wanted to get some sleep. And as soon as Messner entered a cab, he stepped into a darkened alley . . . and emerged as The Hangman!

It was simple, really simple. He entered Benton's room through a side window, made some quick and satisfactory examinations, and left as silently as he had come. He made some further investigations . . . and then he went to Mac Messner's home. . . .

Messner was alone. He sat in a comfortable Morris chair, a stubby pipe clamped between his thick lips. His eyes were closed.

He opened them when The Hangman called his name.

Then he saw the shadow of the noose on the wall and recoiled.

"You're guilty, Messner," The Hangman said.

Messner wet his lips. "I don't get you," he said heavily.

"You were the only one who *could* have killed him . . . because, as the one who ordered the phone installed, you alone knew the phone number!"

Messner began to sputter.

"Wait a minute," The Hangman said. "I want to tear apart a few possibilities even before you suggest them. Since the Information operator won't give out unlisted numbers, the only section of the telephone company from which the number could have been gotten was the business office . . . and that was closed for the night *by the time Benton's phone was installed!* Pretty illogical, isn't it, that a killer would first set a death trap and *then* break into a communications building to get the phone number which was needed to spring the death trap?"

"But . . ." Messner began.

"More possibilities," cut in The Hangman. "Benton himself couldn't have given out the phone number to his visitors at his welcome party earlier tonight—because he didn't know it! I've just questioned Bob Dickering, and he tells me he asked Benton for his phone number and Benton replied that he himself didn't know it."

Messner's voice finally broke through. "That's a lie!" he said. "Why didn't Benton look right on the phone to give his number to Dickering? Why, for that matter, couldn't any one of a dozen people find out the number by looking at the card on the phone stand which lists the number?"

The Hangman smiled grimly. "That's where you made your mistake," he said. "You're a business man and you get many calls each week from unexpected sources . . . and so you can't use an unlisted phone, and you've probably never had one. Listen, friend: An unlisted phone has *no* number on the base."

"All right," Messner said softly. "You've tabbed it right. My agency business hasn't been doing as well as people think—and I've been collecting a lot of big money from young kids with the promise that I'd get them into pictures. If this got out to the studios, I'd be through—but I've managed to keep the kids quiet . . . until Benton stumbled into my office just when I was collecting a couple of grand from a kid. He was going to tell the studios about me in the morning . . . so I stopped him. I should've waited until he made a call himself instead of phoning him tonight; I see that now—but I didn't want to take the chance that he wouldn't make any calls till morning."

Messner ended his speech with a maniacal laugh, and then he jumped . . . right into The Hangman's fist. The Hangman hit him once, hard, and he went down.

The jury declared Messner guilty of first degree murder.

That was the end of Mac Messner's career as an actor's agent. It was also, of course, the end of Mac Messner.

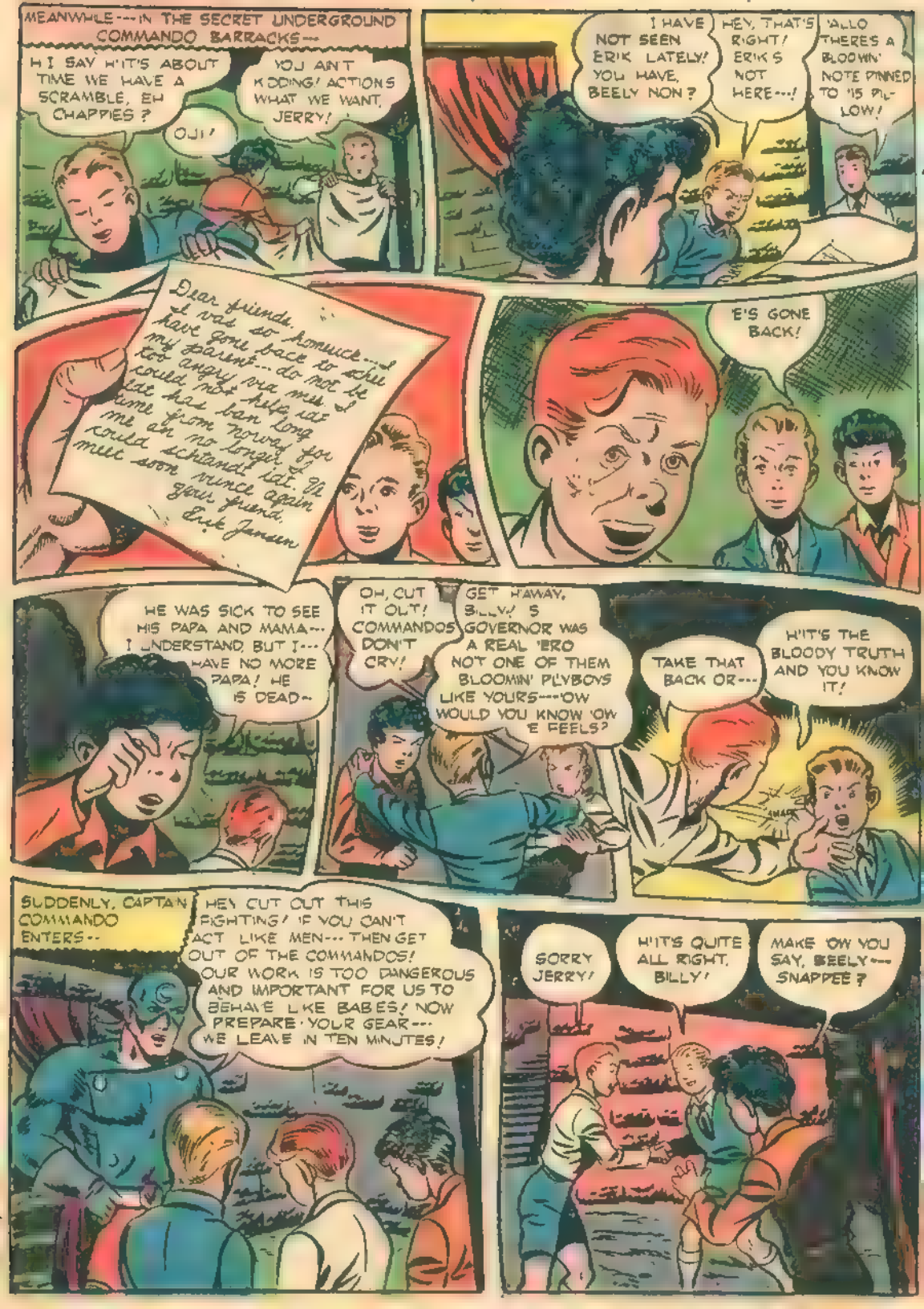
YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE COMMANDOS.... THOSE SUPER-SOLDIERS WHO WORK IN THE DARK AND DEAL CONSTANT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE NAZI FORCES

NOW FOR THE READERS WHO HAVENT FOLLOWED THE ADVENTURES OF *CAPTAIN COMMANDO & THE BOY SOLDIERS* IN THE PAST WE REINTRODUCE ON THIS PAGE----

1 CAPTAN 'COMMANDO' - AMERICAN-BORN LEADER EXTRAORDINARY OF THE BRITISH COMMANDOS
2 BILLY GRAYSON - AMERICAN
3 GERALD SYKES - ENGLISH
4 ARMAND DE LATOUR - FREE FRENCH
5 ERIK JANSEN - NORWEGIAN

NOW TURN THE PAGE AND READ THE FIGHTING FIVES MOST STARTLING ADVENTURE....

OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY--- A GREAT CONVOY HEADING FOR MURMANSK MEETS DISASTER---
BOOM!
WHAM!
THE DEADLY-ACCURATE NAZI SHORE BATTERIES SPEAK THEIR SONG OF DEATH--- SHIP AFTER SHIP KEELS, SPINS--- THEN PLUNGES BENEATH THE OILY WAVES!
BOOM!
WHAM!
THE PITIFUL REMAINDER DESPERATELY SCATTER--- FLEE FOR SAFETY--- THE GREAT CONVOY SUFFERS A CRUSHING DEFEAT!
ON THE SINKING FLAGSHIP---
AM SENDING SOS COMMODORE! SOS! SOS! COME IN, PLEASE! IN DISTRESS! SOS! LATITUDE---
SHE'S GOING UNDER! SAVE YOURSELF, SPARKS! SAVE YOURSELF!
---AND AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS ENGLAND--
HE STOPPED SENDING SIR! BROKE OFF JUST AS HE WAS GIVING ME HIS POSITION! I'M AFRAID, SIR THAT---
---THAT THEY'VE GONE DOWN--- YES--- I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT---
THEN INTO THE ROOM BURSTS A FAMILIAR INSPIRING FIGURE! CAPTAIN COMMANDO!
AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!
FAST WORK!
ANOTHER CONVOY HAS JUST BEEN DESTROYED, CAPTAIN COMMANDO--- THOSE SHIPS WERE BOUND FOR THE RUSSIAN PORT OF MURMANSK WITH PRECIOUS SUPPLIES! THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS HAS HAPPENED--- AND IT CAN'T GO ON ANY LONGER!
YOUR MISSION--- TO DESTROY THE NAZI COASTAL BATTERIES CONTROLLING THE NORTHERN SEA LANES! PLAN OF OPERATIONS AND SIZE OF TASK FORCE ENTIRELY UP TO YOU! HAPPY LANDINGS, AND MAY GOD PROTECT YOU!
VERY GOOD, SIR! WE LEAVE AT ONCE. THANK YOU.


MEANWHILE---IN THE SECRET UNDERGROUND COMMANDO BARRACKS---
H I SAY H'IT'S ABOUT TIME WE HAVE A SCRAMBLE, EH CHAPPIES?
OJI!
YOU AIN'T KIDDING! ACTIONS WHAT WE WANT, JERRY!
I HAVE NOT SEEN ERIK LATELY! YOU HAVE, BEELY NON?
HEY, THAT'S RIGHT! ERIK'S NOT HERE---!
'ALLO THERE'S A BLOOMIN' NOTE PINNED TO 'IS PILLOW!
Dear friends, I vas so homsick---I have gone back to schu my parent---do not be too angry via me, I could not help zat I zee has ban long time from home for me an no longer I could schtand zat. Vi meet soon vunce again
Yours friend, Erik Jansen
'E'S GONE BACK!
HE WAS SICK TO SEE HIS PAPA AND MAMA--- I UNDERSTAND, BUT I--- HAVE NO MORE PAPA! HE IS DEAD--
OH, CUT IT OUT! COMMANDOS DON'T CRY!
GET H'AWAY, BILLY! 'S GOVERNOR WAS A REAL 'ERO NOT ONE OF THEM BLOOMIN' PLYBOYS LIKE YOURS---'OW WOULD YOU KNOW 'OW 'E FEELS?
TAKE THAT BACK OR---
H'IT'S THE BLOODY TRUTH AND YOU KNOW IT!
SUDDENLY, CAPTAIN COMMANDO ENTERS--
HEY CUT OUT THIS FIGHTING! IF YOU CAN'T ACT LIKE MEN--- THEN GET OUT OF THE COMMANDOS! OUR WORK IS TOO DANGEROUS AND IMPORTANT FOR US TO BEHAVE LIKE BABES! NOW PREPARE YOUR GEAR--- WE LEAVE IN TEN MINUTES!
SORRY JERRY!
H'IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, BILLY!
MAKE 'OW YOU SAY, BEELY--- SNAPPEE?

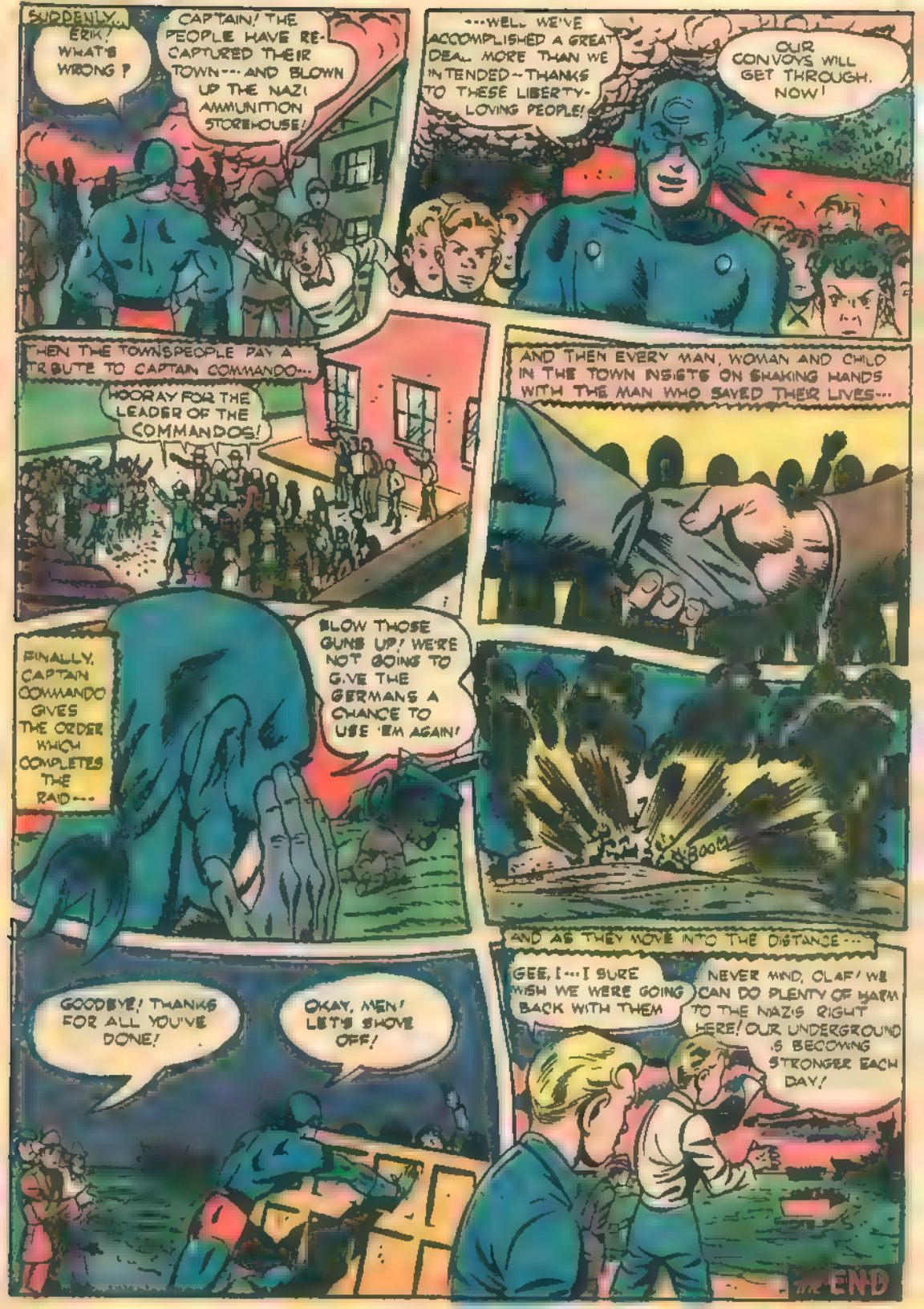
--WHILE AT THAT MOMENT --AT A LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE ON THE NORWEGIAN COAST--- PAST A DOZING NAZI SENTRY--- A BOY SILENTLY STEALS!
Z Z Z Z
HE IS ERIK JANSEN BOY SOLDIER! DOWN THE MAIN STREET, SOUNDLESSLY, CAREFUL OF EVERY STEP, HE GOES, TOWARDS---
SO FAR I BAN LUCKY! OH HOW I VISH THE BOYS VERE HERE VID ME!
-- THE HOME OF HIS PARENTS!
SSH! WHO COULD IT BE--- SO LADE AT NIDE ?
OPEN! OPEN QVICK---I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING---
TAP- TAP- TAP- TAP!
MY BOY! SAFE---!
ERIK!! MY SON! OH, THE LORD BE PRAISED!
MOTHER! FATHER! I HAD TO COME SEE YOU! I VAS SO---
HOW IS EVERYTHING IN ENGLAND ? ARE THEY GOING TO OPEN A SECOND FRONT SOON, ERIK ?
I DON'T KNOW, FATHER! AND IF I DID I COULD NOT TELL!
YOU MUST BE STARVED AFTER THAT LONG TRIP, SON!
SUDDENLY/--- THE SLEEPY QUIET OUTSIDE S BROKEN BY ANGRY SHOUTS!
FORVARD--- MARCH!
DO YOU HEAR---WHAT IS IT ?
ERIK--- THE GESTAPO! THEY HAVE DISCOVERED YOU ARE HERE!
LOOK FATHER! IT'S NOT ME THEY'RE AFTER! WH--WHERE ARE THEY MARCHING THOSE MEN ?
HOSTAGES--FOR THE FIRING SQUAD, ERIK! THOSE BEASTS WILL NOT BE SATISFIED TIL THEY'VE WIPED OUT OUR ENTIRE TOWN!
THE HOSTAGES MAKE A SUDDEN BREAK BUT
UGH!

SUDDENLY THE WATCHERS ARE STARTLED BY A FAMILIAR WHISTLE!
MM--OH! ERIK JANSEN! IT'S ERIK!
ERIK! HE HAS COME BACK FROM ENGLAND!
ERIK MEET US AT THE CAVE--- TONIGHT!
HE IS A COMMANDO YOU KNOW! HE WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT GETTING OUR PEOPLE FREE!
LET'S GO TO THE CAVE AND WAIT FOR HIM!
LATER THAT NIGHT--- ERIK JANSEN, COMMANDO-TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF STEALTH, TAKES TO THE WOODS--
---AND ON NEARING THE OCEAN SHORE--- THEN WHISTLES!
FEE-FEE! FEE-FEE!
ERIK! COME DOWN! WE ARE WAITING
AND WHEN ERIK SLIPS INTO THE CAVE---
WHAT'S THIS--?
WE HAVE ALREADY ELECTED YOU OUR LEADER ERIK!
WE MUST FREE OUR PEOPLE OR THE NAZI BANDITS WILL KILL DEM!
ERIK--- WHAT SHALL WE DO? MY FATHER IS ONE OF THE HOSTAGES AND MINE TOO!
LET ME THINK!
MEANWHILE-- OUT ACROSS THE CHOPPY NORTH SEA ABOARD A SLEEK DESTROYER LAST-MINUTE PLANS ARE GONE OVER!
CHECK YOUR GEAR! NO SLIP-UPS! WE'RE STRICTLY IN THE DARK ON THIS, YOU KNOW-- OUR SECRET AGENTS FAILED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH US! SPREAD OUT AND ORCLE THE COASTAL BATTERIES---
A MINUTE LATER--- OVER THE SIDE AND IN THE ARMORED LANDING BARGES GO THE TOUGHEST FIGHTERS OF ALL TIME--- THE COMMANDOS!

AS THE DIESEL MOTORS DRIVE THE BARGES TO THE DARK SHORE WRAITHLIKE OUT OF THE EVENING MIST A SMALL RUNNING BOAT MASTERED BY ARMED---
--- TO THE COMMANDOS HORROR --- FOR THIS IS A SECRET RAID NOT BE DETECTED---
HEY, IF THAT'S THE NAZI COAST PATROL, WE'RE--
WHILE IN THE STRANGE RUNNING BOAT---
HERE I AM, SVEN! WHAT'D YOU SAY YOU SAW--OH!
FLAT BOATS, MANY OF DEM, COMIN' DERE, SEE? IT IS DER NAZIS VE ARE---
CLOSER AND CLOSER ENTER THE BARGES--- THE RUNNING BOAT IS SURROUNDED---
WHEN! PREPARE TO BOARD HER!
CAPTAIN COMMANDO IT'S ERIK SR. THE ERIK JANSEN! DON'T SHOOT
MON DIEU ZO SEE THIS! ERIK JANSEN!
ERIK! THIS IS A SURPRISE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? WHO ARE THESE NAZIS YOU SIGHTED SPEAK UP!
DEY ARE ALL MY SCHOOL FRIENDS FROM HOME! VE VERE SAILING TO ENGLAND VEN US SR--- TO JOIN UP WITH YOU AND THE BOYS!
ERIK GIVES CAPTAIN COMMANDO THE NEEDED INFORMATION CONCERNING THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE NAZI SHORE BATTERIES, AND---
MY FRENDS KNOW DER WHOLE COAST AROUND HERE LIKE A BOOK, CAPTAIN COMMANDO--- DEY WILL LEAD YOU DERE RIGHT NOW!
WHAT A BREAK! THAT'S FINE AGAIN--YOU'RE FORGIVEN FOR GOING AWOL!
WHILE IN THE [illegible] ARE--
READY! AIM---
SUDDENLY THE SILENCE OF THE TOWNS GUARDED BY [illegible] IS SHATTERED BY THE STACCATO BARK OF DOZENS OF GUNS--
THE DRUMMING GUNFIRE [illegible] THE NAZIS ARE IN CONFUSION--- THE TOWNS [illegible]
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE'S THAT FIRING COMING FROM? HMMMM! LET'S GET STATIONS! AT ONCE--
THE COMMANDOS! THEY HAVE COME!

FOR THIS IS THE COMING OF THE COMMANDOS!! COMING WITH HATE IN THEIR HEARTS AND A SMILE ON THEIR BLACKENED LIPS, COMING OUT OF THE NIGHT WITH THE STEALTH OF A THOUSAND INDIANS AND THE FEROCITY OF FREEMEN WHO LAUGH AT DEATH!!!
FOR NORWAY!!
FOR KING HAAKON!
FOR LIBERTY!
FOR ENGLAND!
FOR FREEDOM! COME ON!
HIMMEL! DER COMMANDOS! AAGH!
HOLD DEM BACK FROM DER GUNS! TELEPHONE FOR REINFORCEMENTS!!
NO YOU DONT!
HELLO! HELLO! GENERAL HEADQUARTERS! SEND--UGG!

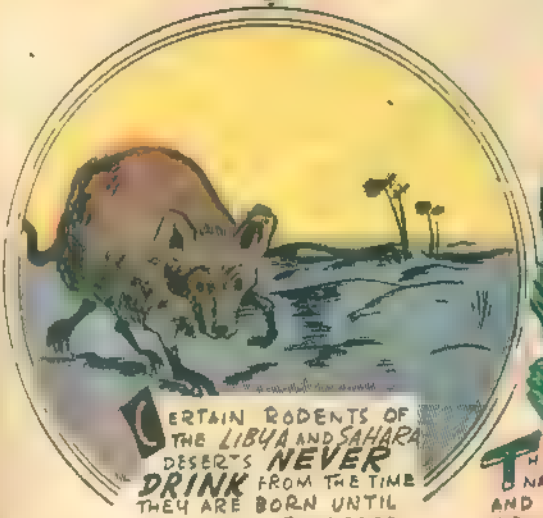
TRY TO CALL YOUR NAZIS IN OSLO, EH?
POW
MEANWHILE ON ANOTHER SECTION OF THE BEACH---
WE'VE GOTTA KNOCK OUT THAT MACHINE GUN NEST! LOOK!
THOSE DEVILS! THEY'RE HOLDING UP OUR WHOLE ADVANCE! NON?
AS THE BOYS MAKE WARILY TOWARD THE NAZI MACHINE GUNNERS, A FIGURE LOPES ACROSS THE CLEARING RIGHT IN THE DIRECTION OF SPUTTERING DEATH...
IF THOSE HEINES SEE THOSE KIDS, IT'LL BE CURTAIN FOR THEM! I'VE GOT TO KEEP THEIR ATTENTION DISTRACTED!
C'MON, FELLAS WE'LL JUMP THOSE MACHINE GUNNERS!
GOT 'EM, CAP!
NICE, TEAM-WORK LADS!
ONCE AGAIN ACROSS THE CLEARING TOWARD HIS OWN LINES
I'VE GOT TO RALLY THE BOYS FOR A CHARGE! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
BAM
BAM
WHEW! THOSE BULLETS ALMOST HAD MY NAME ON THEM--- OUT OF YOUR FOX HOLES, BOYS, UP AND AT 'EM!
GIVE IT TO 'EM MEN!
KAMERAD WE SURRENDER!


SUDDENLY...
ERIK! WHAT'S WRONG?
CAPTAIN! THE PEOPLE HAVE RE-CAPTURED THEIR TOWN--- AND BLOWN UP THE NAZI AMMUNITION STOREHOUSE!
---WELL WE'VE ACCOMPLISHED A GREAT DEAL MORE THAN WE INTENDED--THANKS TO THESE LIBERTY-LOVING PEOPLE!
OUR CONVOYS WILL GET THROUGH, NOW!
THEN THE TOWNSPEOPLE PAY A TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN COMMANDO---
HOORAY FOR THE LEADER OF THE COMMANDOS!
AND THEN EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE TOWN INSISTS ON SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MAN WHO SAVED THEIR LIVES---
FINALLY, CAPTAIN COMMANDO GIVES THE ORDER WHICH COMPLETES THE RAID---
BLOW THOSE GUNS UP! WE'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE THE GERMANS A CHANCE TO USE 'EM AGAIN!
BOOM
AND AS THEY MOVE INTO THE DISTANCE---
GOODBYE! THANKS FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE!
OKAY, MEN! LET'S SHOVE OFF!
GEE, I--- I SURE WISH WE WERE GOING BACK WITH THEM
NEVER MIND, OLAF! WE CAN DO PLENTY OF HARM TO THE NAZIS RIGHT HERE! OUR UNDERGROUND IS BECOMING STRONGER EACH DAY!
THE END

WORLD WONDERS

THE ANOMNA ANTS IN AFRICA LINK THEMSELVES TOGETHER INTO A LIVING BRIDGE SO THE OTHER ANTS MAY CROSS THE STREAM

PARIS POLICE TRAIN DOGS TO DIVE INTO THE SEINE RIVER AND RESCUE PEOPLE WHO HAVE FALLEN OR HAVE JUMPED IN.

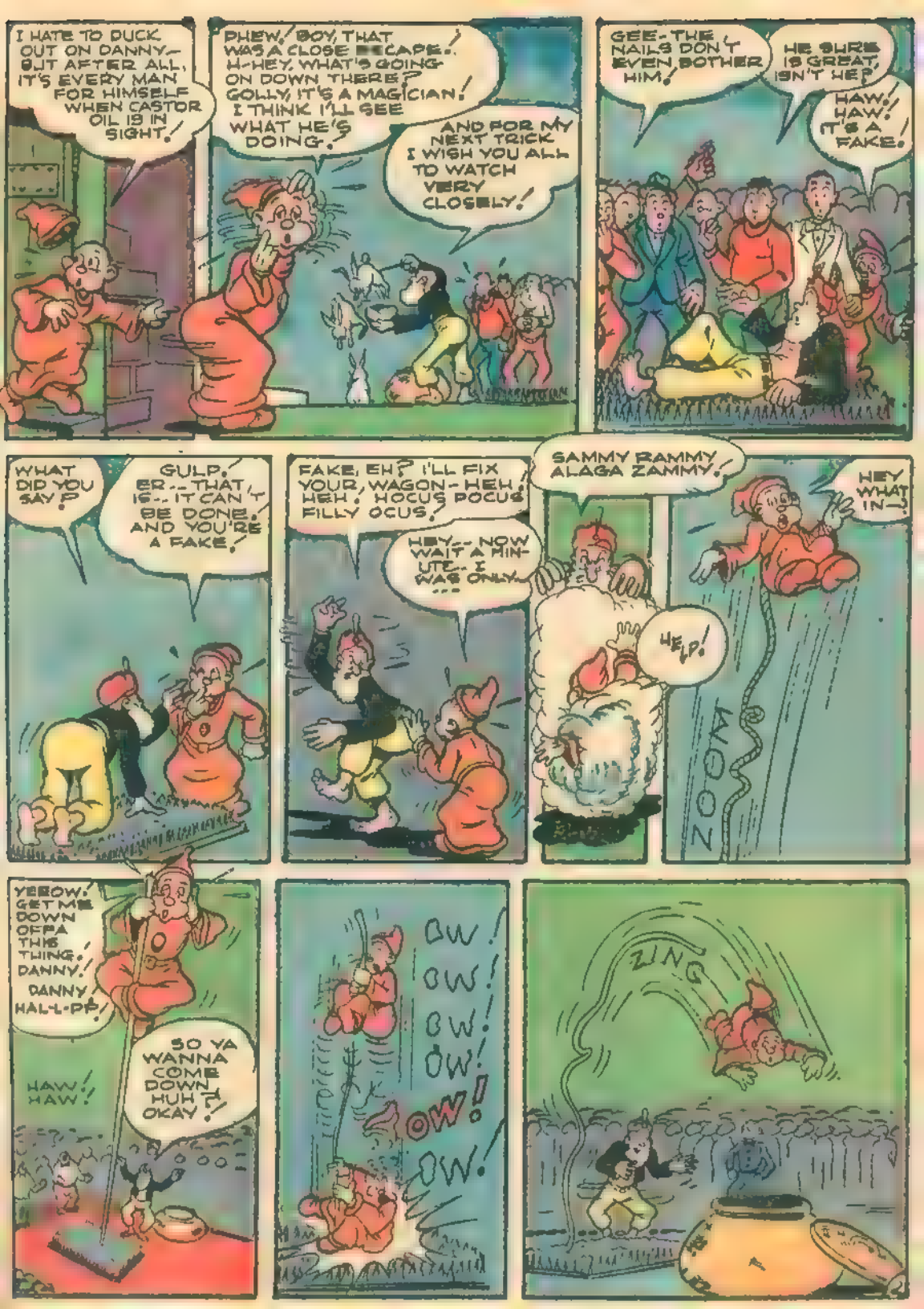


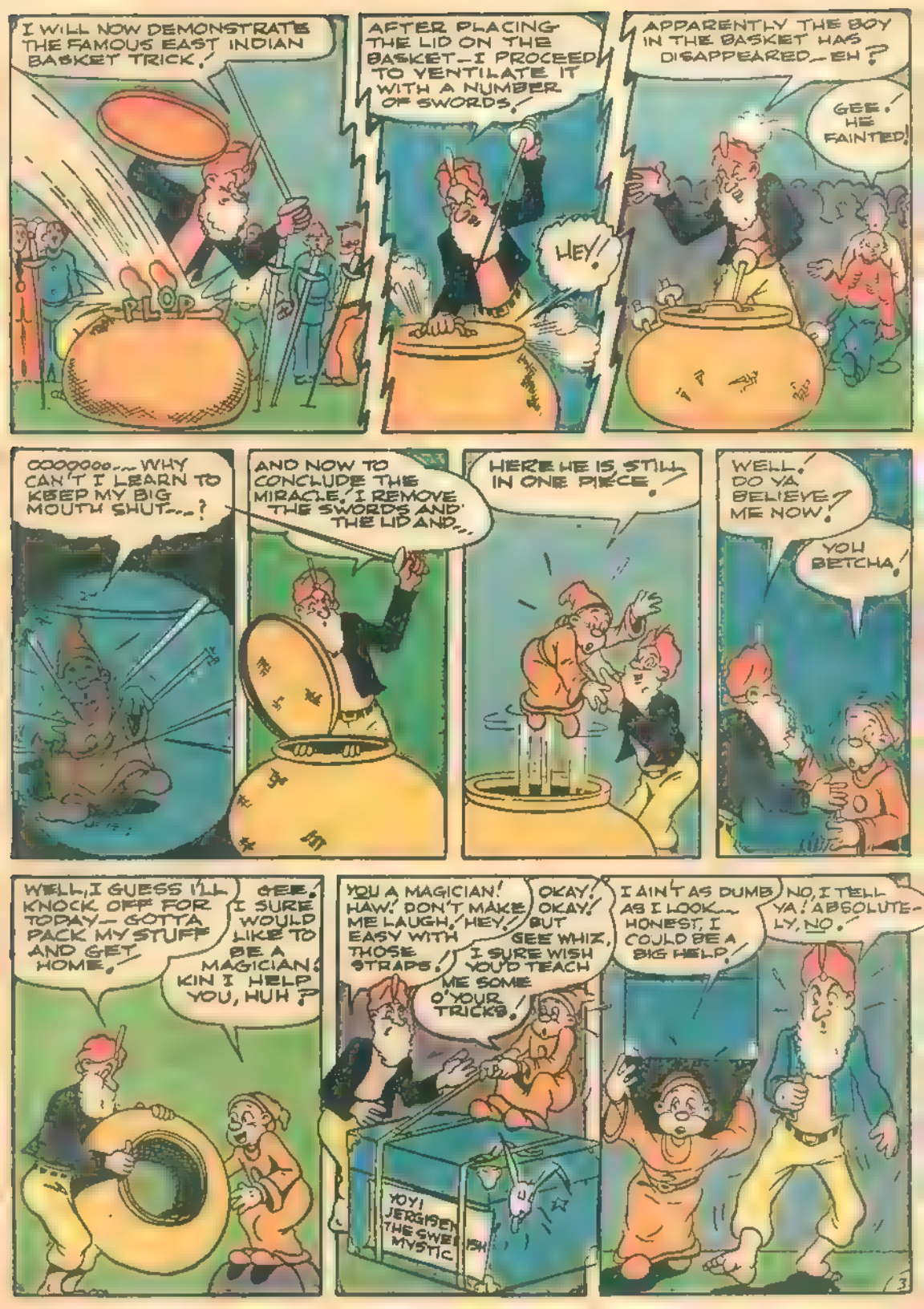
CERTAIN RODENTS OF THE LIBYA AND SAHARA DESERTS NEVER DRINK FROM THE TIME THEY ARE BORN UNTIL THEY DIE THEY FEED MAINLY ON DRY SEEDS.

THE GIANT REDWOOD TREE, A NATIVE OF SOUTHERN OREGON AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, GROWS AS HIGH AS 350 FEET AND HAS BARK AS THICK AS 12 INCHES ... ITS LIFE IS SOMETIMES 3000 YEARS ...

-GOSS

DANNY
IN WONDERLAND
by RED HOLMDALE
HI YA, DANNY. WON'T YA JOIN ME? I'M JUST HAVING A LITTLE SNACK BEFORE I GO TO BED.
BUT KUPPIE, PICKLES AND MILK! THEY'LL MAKE YA SICK.
GOSH, KUPPIE, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
OW-- MY STUMMICK!
OWW! MY STUMMICK! OWOOO!
Y' JUST STAY THERE IN BED, KUPPIE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I'M GONNA GET THE CASTOR OIL!
CASTOR OIL!
I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE!
ZIP
1

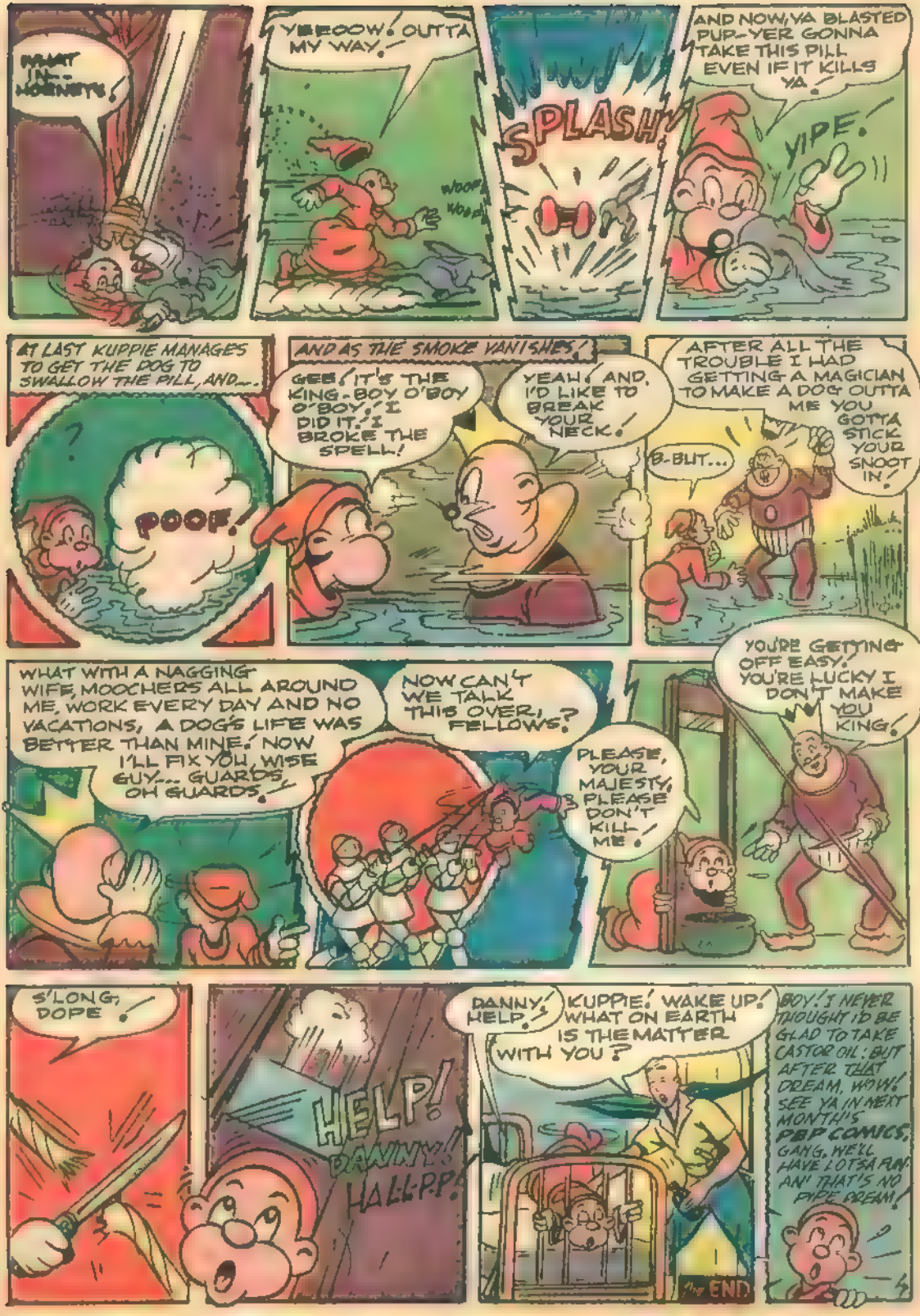

I HATE TO DUCK OUT ON DANNY— BUT AFTER ALL, IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF WHEN CASTOR OIL IS IN SIGHT!
PHEW! BOY, THAT WAS A CLOSE ESCAPE! H-HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE? GOLLY, IT'S A MAGICIAN! I THINK I'LL SEE WHAT HE'S DOING.
AND FOR MY NEXT TRICK I WISH YOU ALL TO WATCH VERY CLOSELY!
GEE-THE NAILS DON'T EVEN BOTHER HIM!
HE SURE IS GREAT, ISN'T HE?
HAW! HAW! IT'S A FAKE!
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
GULP! ER--THAT IS--IT CAN'T BE DONE! AND YOU'RE A FAKE!
FAKE, EH? I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON-HEH, HEH! HOCUS POCUS FILLY OCUS!
HEY--NOW WAIT A MINUTE--I WAS ONLY---
SAMMY RAMMY ALAGA ZAMMY!
HEY WHAT IN—?
HELP!
WOOOON
YEEOW! GET ME DOWN OFFA THIS THING! DANNY! DANNY HAL-L-PP!
HAW! HAW!
SO YA WANNA COME DOWN HUH? OKAY!
OW! OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!
ZING


I WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE FAMOUS EAST INDIAN BASKET TRICK.
PLOP
AFTER PLACING THE LID ON THE BASKET—I PROCEED TO VENTILATE IT WITH A NUMBER OF SWORDS.
HEY!
APPARENTLY THE BOY IN THE BASKET HAS DISAPPEARED—EH?
GEE! HE FAINTED!
OOOOOOO... WHY CAN'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT...?
AND NOW TO CONCLUDE THE MIRACLE, I REMOVE THE SWORDS AND THE LID AND...
HERE HE IS, STILL IN ONE PIECE.
WELL! DO YA BELIEVE ME NOW?
YOU BETCHA!
WELL, I GUESS I'LL KNOCK OFF FOR TODAY—GOTTA PACK MY STUFF AND GET HOME.
GEE. I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE A MAGICIAN! KIN I HELP YOU, HUH?
YOU A MAGICIAN! HAW! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH. HEY! EASY WITH THOSE STRAPS!
OKAY! OKAY! BUT GEE WHIZ, I SURE WISH YOU'D TEACH ME SOME O' YOUR TRICKS.
YOY! JERGISEN THE SWEET MYSTIC
I AIN'T AS DUMB AS I LOOK... HONEST, I COULD BE A BIG HELP!
NO, I TELL YA! ABSOLUTELY, NO.
3

OBOY. YA DIDN'T SAY POSITIVELY THEN. YA WILL TEACH ME, WON'T YA?
WOW! TALK ABOUT PESTS! HMM.. WELL, OKAY.
BUT REMEMBER YA TALKED ME INTO IT. I'M GIVING YOU AN APPRENTICE JOB. NOW WHERE'S THAT RECIPE? AH, HERE IT IS.
RECIPE?
YEAH - YOUR FIRST JOB'LL BE TO DISENCHANT THE KING OF GOOFLE LAND. THIS RECIPE'LL TELL YA HOW TO BREW THE MAGIC POTION. I WARN YA, DON'T SLIP UP.
HLP. I...I DON'T EXPECT SUCH FAST ACTION. I -- I'LL BE CAREFUL.... HONEST.
I'M GOING UP TO TAKE A NAP NOW, SO I'LL LEAVE YA TO YOUR JOB. DO YA THINK YOU CAN MANAGE IT?
OH SURE.
ALL I GOT TO DO IS FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS - HMM. FIRST I ADDA BARREL O' THIS STUFF AND TWO BARRELS OF THAT.
NOW FIVE HUNDRED AND ONE SHOVELS OF THIS. GOSH, THIS IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A PROJECT.
NOW I STIR IT A LITTLE AND THEN -
HMM - NOW A WHOLE BOTTLE OF SULPHURIC ACID. AH. THERE IT IS.
GOSHLY I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE WHAT'LL HAPPEN! WOW, IF DANNY COULD SEE ME NOW.
BOOM!

WOW! WHAT HAPPENED?
I GUESS THE DISENCHANTING POTION IS BREWED BY NOW/ LET'S SEE./
LATER... HEY... WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
UH--- OH.. ER--HELLO GUARD/ I--UH--WANNA SEE THE KING./
TO THE PALACE
MMPH./ KUPCAKE THE MAGICIAN/ SORRY, WE'VE GOT A MAGICIAN./
NO, BUT THAT'S NOT GOING TO HELP YOU ANY/
IDEA
OH, NO!!
IS HE A UNION MAN?
HMM--JUST WAIT AND SEE--AH, HERE'S WHAT I NEED./
I'LL PICKET THE JOINT./
UNFAIR TO UNION MAGICIANS
HEY, PUT THAT SIGN AWAY--LET'S TALK THIS OVER./
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT--AFTER ALL, I'M A UNION GUARD MYSELF./
NOW YER TALKIN'/ LEAD ME TO YOUR ENCHANTED KING./
YAP. YAP.
HEY/ HELP/ GET THAT #!! # MUTT OFF ME./
SHH--QUIET, YOU SAP./
JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON THAT MUTT!!
THIS IS THE KING./
THE K--- KING./
YAP!

AH! AT LAST I'VE GOT MY CHANCE! JUST HOLD HIM FOR A MINUTE WHILE I GET THIS BOTTLE OUTTA MY CASE!
SAY, WHAT'RE YA GOIN' T'DO WITH THAT PILL?
THIS'LL DISENCHANT THE KING AND MAKE A HUMAN OUTTA HIM AGAIN!
HEY- HOLD HIM!
I CAN'T! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!
COME BACK HERE, YOUR HIGHNESS- I WON'T HURT YOU! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS SWA-LOW THIS PILL!
IT'LL BREAK YOUR ENCHANTMENT! HONEST IT WILL!
YIP YIP
ARF! ARF!
OW!
!!@xx?%! STUPID MUTT. IT'D SERVE HIM RIGHT IF I LEFT HIM A DOG!
BUT I'M NOT GONNA FALL DOWN ON MY FIRST JOB IF I GOTTA CHASE HIM BOWLEGGED!
YIPE!
GOT CHA!
6

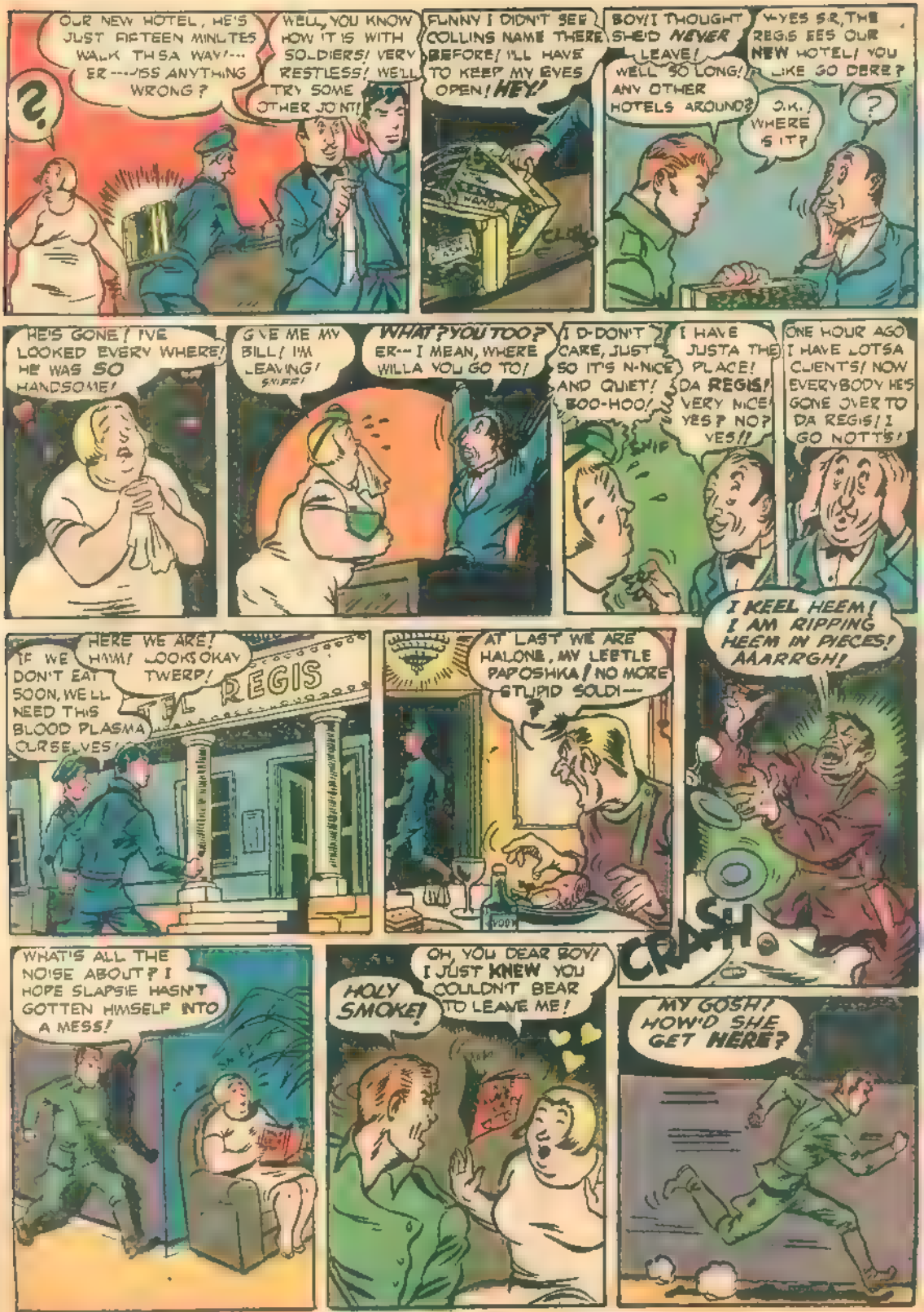

WHAT IN— HORNETS!
YEEOOW! OUTTA MY WAY!
WOOF WOOF!
SPLASH!
AND NOW, YA BLASTED PUP—YER GONNA TAKE THIS PILL EVEN IF IT KILLS YA!
YIPE!
AT LAST KUPPIE MANAGES TO GET THE DOG TO SWALLOW THE PILL, AND...
POOF!
AND AS THE SMOKE VANISHES!
GEE! IT'S THE KING—BOY O'BOY O'BOY! I DID IT. I BROKE THE SPELL!
YEAH! AND, I'D LIKE TO BREAK YOUR NECK!
AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I HAD GETTING A MAGICIAN TO MAKE A DOG OUTTA ME YOU GOTTA STICK YOUR SNOOT IN!
B-BUT...
WHAT WITH A NAGGING WIFE, MOOCHERS ALL AROUND ME, WORK EVERY DAY AND NO VACATIONS, A DOG'S LIFE WAS BETTER THAN MINE! NOW I'LL FIX YOU, WISE GUY... GUARDS, OH GUARDS!
NOW CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER, FELLOWS?
PLEASE, YOUR MAJESTY, PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!
YOU'RE GETTING OFF EASY! YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T MAKE YOU KING!
S'LONG, DOPE!
HELP! DANNY! HALP!
DANNY! HELP!
KUPPIE! WAKE UP! WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?
BOY! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE GLAD TO TAKE CASTOR OIL: BUT AFTER THAT DREAM, WOW! SEE YA IN NEXT MONTH'S PEP COMICS, GANG. WE'LL HAVE LOTSA FUN AN' THAT'S NO PIPE DREAM!
THE END

SERGEANT BOYLE
BY HUBBELL
POW!
SOCK!
BAM!
SLAPSIE! WHAT'S GOING ON?
CORP AN SARGE ARE SETTLING A LITTLE ARGUMENT!
YOU SAID IT!
OF ALL THE DRIPS! THAT GUY COLLINS TAKES THE CAKE!
I SUPPOSE COLLINS WILL GO AROUND SAYING WE RAN OUT, BUT IF THE MAJOR HADN'T GIVEN US PERMITS TO GO TO AFRICA I'D HAVE GONE! GOT YOURS?
YEP! IF I DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A STRONG RECORD WE NEVER WOULD HAVE GOTTEN THEM!
WE'RE PRETTY FULL! HOW ABOUT SEATS IN THE BOMBARDIER CABIN?
OKAY BY ME! JUST TAKE OFF, THAT'S ALL WE WANT!
BUT THE NERVE OF THAT GUY, SAYING I WROTE ALL THOSE LETTERS IN THAT WAR BOND CONTEST!--
I'D HEARD SLAPSIE PLAY JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE JUST ONCE MORE, GRRR!
WELL LET'S FORGET IT! WE'LL BE ON THE AFRICAN FRONT SOON AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF ACTION!
THERE'LL BE A COMBAT PLANE WAITIN' FOR US IN SWITZERLAND TO FLY DOWN TO EGYPT! HOT DOG!
LOOK TWERP! HERE'S THE BLOOD PLASMA THEY GAVE US TO DELIVER!

THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE BLOOD! MAYBE THEY MADE A MISTAKE!
THEY JUST TAKE THE RED CORPUSCLES OUT! IT'S O.K.!
MEANWHILE---
WELL GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK MY BOY! BE VERY CAREFUL OF THIS NITROGLYCERINE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MAJOR! WE'LL WATCH IT LIKE A BABY!
C'MON CORP! OR THAT PLANE WILL GO WITHOUT US!
WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT! LOOK OUT FOR THAT NITRO!
BUMP BUMP
I THOUGHT MAYBE BOYLE HAD CHANGED IN THE LAST YEAR! BUT HE'S JUST AS DUMB AND PIG-HEADED AS EVER! WHAT A SAP!
HE'S GETTING MORE LIKE THAT LAMEBRAIN TWERP EVERYDAY!
SHE'S ON THE FIELD NOW, CORP! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
HEY! HOLD IT!
WHIRRRR
GRAB HOLD, SLAPSIE! YOU CAN DO IT!
PUF PUF
NICE RUNNING KID! DON'T LET GO!
SO LONG COLLINS, YOU DOPE! I'LL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO SOON!
YIPPEE! NO MORE JINGLE, JANGLE JINGLE!"
I'D GIVE A MONTH'S PAY TO SEE THE LOOK ON BOYLES FACE WHEN HE LEARNS WE'RE GONE!
CAN I TAKE THAT BAG FOR YOU?
HANDS OFF! THIS IS VERY EXPLOSIVE NITROGLYCERINE WE'RE TAKIN TO EGYPT!

BY AFTERNOON, THEY ARRIVE IN SWITZERLAND
WE'LL BE HERE TILL MORNING! WHERE'S A GOOD HOTEL?
THE AJAX 'SS VERY GOOD!
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER WAKE UP! I WAS YELLING AT YOU FOR TEN MINUTES
HO-HUM! LET'S FIND A HOTEL, SARGE!
THE ELEVATOR 'SS RIGHT OVER HERE! IF YOU VANT ANY-THING, JUST RING!
THANKS, PAL!
HEY! ANYBODY HERE? HOW ABOUT A ROOM?
COMING SIR!
I'LL SIGN THE----ER ...AH?
WE LL LL?
AHEM! DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT TOOTS?
SO!
COME IGOR, WE ARE LATE!
ARRRGGHH! CROOK! WIFE STEALER! IGNORENCIA!
YOU OUGHTA BE MORE CAREFUL, TWERP! THAT'S PRINCE IGOR KREPLACH! THE SINGER! HE'S A CRACKSHOT TOO!
HOW SHOULD I KNOW SHE WAS MARRIED?
EEF I SEE YOU AGAIN, I WEEL CHALLENGE YOU TO A DROOL!
LEAVING US? B-B-BUT SURELY, PRINCE, AFTER ALL THESE Y-YEARS...
BAH! WHEN KREPLACH ANGRY, HE EES LIKE VILD HONIMAL! ER-- YOU GOT A ODDER HOTEL?
YES YES YES!! OUR NEW HOTEL THE REGIS! VERY FINE PLACE! ALL NEW!
GOOD! VE GO DERE!!

MEANWHILE COLLINS IS HAVING HIS TROUBLES--
OH CORPORAL! OO HOO! YOU BAD BOY!
DARN! I'VE BEEN DODGIN' HER FOR AN HOUR! WHY DOESN'T SHE PLAY WITH SOMEBODY ELSE?
SHE'S GONE! WHEW! HOPE I CAN MAKE IT TO THE STAIRS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER CORP? YOU LOOK PALE!
IF THAT BIG HORSE DOESN'T LEAVE ME ALONE I'LL LOOK WORSE!
DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN, CORP! SOME HOT TUNES ON MY MOUTH ORGAN WILL CHEER YOU UP!
DON'T BOTHER!
HURRY IT UP TIVERP, AN WE'LL GO EAT!
GOOD! BOY! HOW PEACEFUL WITH NO COLLINS AND SLAPSIE!
SPLRS THAT JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE
?? WHAT THE--??
QUICK! WHO'S IN THE ROOM ABOVE US!
ABOF YOU? HMM--- TWO MILITARY GENTLEMENS I BELIEVE -- LET'S SEE---
GUEST BOOK
COLLINS! I THOUGHT SO!
YES! HE'S VERY POPULAR MAN! ONE OF OUR OTHER GUESTS JUST SENT HIM A NOTE! YOU LIKE TO MEET HIM?
NO THANKS! I KNOW HIM ALREADY I'M AFRAID!
C'MON SLAPSIE! IF MISS HIPPOPOTOMUS IS GOING TO START WRITING LOVE LETTERS THE ONLY THING TO DO IS MOVE OUT!
?
OH SOMEBODY WAS JUSTA ASKING FOR YOU!
OH OH! HERE SHE COMES AGAIN!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I GOTTA MAKE A PHONE CALL!
80,641,702 WOMEN IN EUROPE AN' I MEET HER!
♪ PEEK-A-BOO! SILLY BOY! WHERE ARE ♪ YOU?

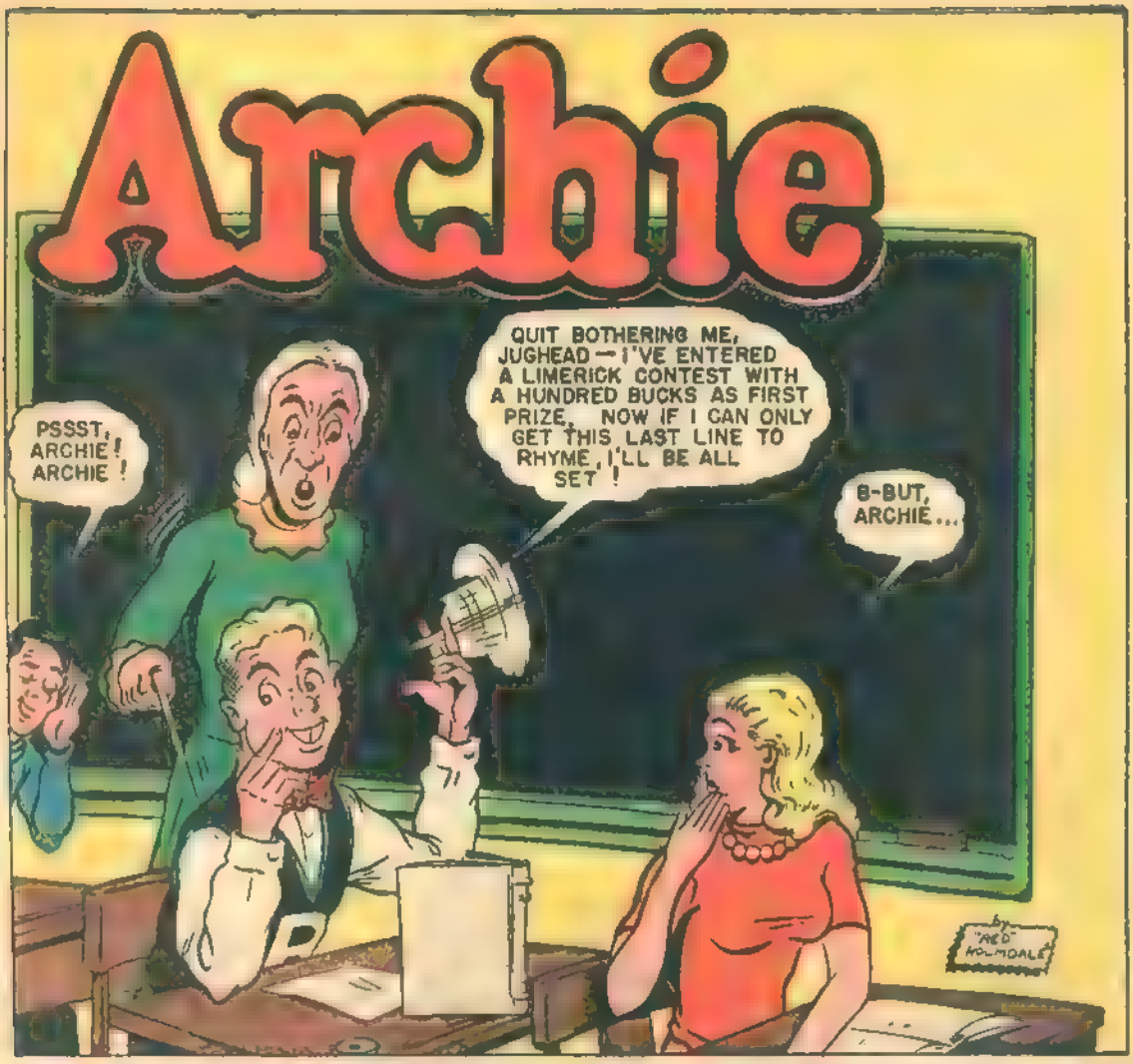

OUR NEW HOTEL, HE'S JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES WALK THISA WAY!--- ER---ISS ANYTHING WRONG?
?
WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH SOLDIERS! VERY RESTLESS! WE'LL TRY SOME OTHER JOINT!
FUNNY I DIDN'T SEE COLLINS NAME THERE BEFORE! I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY EYES OPEN! HEY!
BOY! I THOUGHT SHE'D NEVER LEAVE!
WELL SO LONG! ANY OTHER HOTELS AROUND?
YES SIR, THE REGIS EES OUR NEW HOTEL! YOU LIKE GO DERE?
O.K.! WHERE IS IT?
?
HE'S GONE! I'VE LOOKED EVERY WHERE! HE WAS SO HANDSOME!
GIVE ME MY BILL! I'M LEAVING! SNIFF!
WHAT? YOU TOO?
ER--- I MEAN, WHERE WILLA YOU GO TO!
I D-DON'T CARE, JUST SO IT'S N-NICE AND QUIET! BOO-HOO!
SNIF
I HAVE JUSTA THE PLACE! DA REGIS! VERY NICE! YES? NO? YES!!
ONE HOUR AGO I HAVE LOTSA CLIENTS! NOW EVERYBODY HE'S GONE OVER TO DA REGIS! I GO NOTTS!
IF WE DON'T EAT SOON, WE'LL NEED THIS BLOOD PLASMA OURSELVES!
HERE WE ARE! HMM! LOOKS OKAY TWERP!
REGIS
AT LAST WE ARE HALONE, MY LEETLE PAPOSHKA! NO MORE STUPID SOLDI---
POOF
I KEEL HEEM! I AM RIPPING HEEM IN PIECES! AAARRGH!
CRASH
WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT? I HOPE SLAPSIE HASN'T GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO A MESS!
HOLY SMOKE!
OH, YOU DEAR BOY! I JUST KNEW YOU COULDN'T BEAR TO LEAVE ME!
MY GOSH! HOW'D SHE GET HERE?

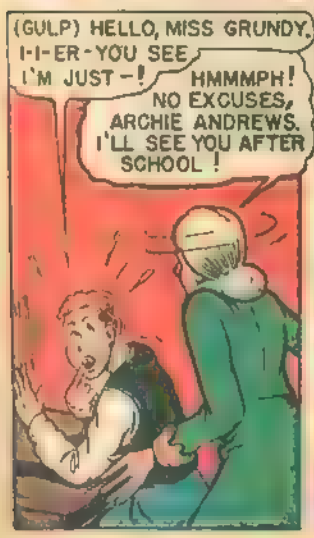
I'VE GOTTA FINISH MY REPORT AN' I'M OUT OF INK! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
MAKE IT SNAPPY! THE FOOD WILL BE UP IN A SEC!
WRITING ROOM
SO HE DEFIES DE GREAT KREPLACH! HA! NOW I KEEL HIM QUEECK! NO! GRODUALLY!
DEAR SIR... NO! DEAR DOG! EET GEEVE ME PLEASURE TO DROOL WITH YOU
AMRGH!
PHOOF!
BAH!
OOHHH! AN' HE'S A CRACK SHOT!
BOYLE! THAT PRINCE, HE'S HERE! HE'LL K-KILL ME!
SO WHAT! SO'S COLLINS! I JUST HEARD "JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE" AGAIN! LET'S GO!
AT THE AIRPORT...
BUT YOU AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE UNTIL TOMORROW!
WE CHANGED OUR MINDS!! WHERE IS THAT PLANE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FLY DOWN TO EGYPT?
I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! TAKE A LOOK, TWERP! THEY AREN'T HIDING IN HERE ARE THEY?
HOURS LATER THEY APPROACH TARANTO...
HERE'S THE ITALIAN COAST! A LITTLE HOP ACROSS THE WATER AN' WE'LL BE IN AFRICA!
AND WE CAN'T GET THERE ANY TOO... WHAT'S THAT? THE MOTOR?
SPUT SPUT
THUMP
BOY! WHAT A PLACE TO LAND! WONDER IF THEIR PRISON CAMPS ARE COZY?
BUMP!
ONE OF THE JARS GOT CRACKED, BOYLE! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH IT?
WHAT? CRACKED? MIGHT AS WELL TOSS IT AWAY! HMM! WONDER WHERE EVERY BODY IS?
?
BOOM!
?

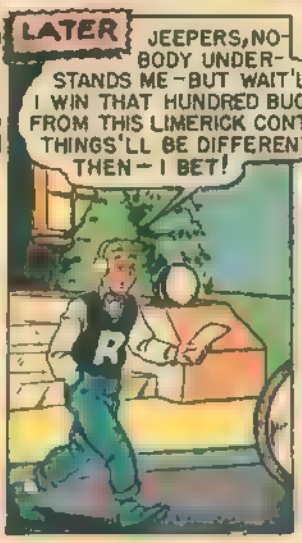
GOSH! YOU SAY THEY INJECT THAT STUFF IN PEOPLE?
TWERP! THIS SN'T BLOOD PLASMA! TS NITRO-GLYCERINE!
NITRO
HANDLE CARE!
WHAT'S ALLA NOISE? YOU COME FOR WINE TO LAUNCH DA NEW TRANSPORTS?
SO THAT'S IT! SURE! SURE!
WINES
WAITA! WHY YOU WEAR ENGLISH UN-FORM? YOU SPIES?
THATSA RIGHT! WE ISSA TALIAN SPIES! HURR
BOY! WAS THAT GUY A DOPE! ARE YOU SPIES? HA HA HA!
GIVE ME THOSE BOTTLES TWERP!
GEE! POURING OUT ALL THAT SWELL CHAMPAGNE!
WE'LL FILL 'EM UP WITH NITRO INSTEAD! CORK 'EM UP KID!
WELL HERE'S THE DOCK, BUT HOW'LL WE GET THROUGH THIS CROWD?
PSST! HERE SSA DA WINE TO LAUNCH DA BOATS! PASS DEM DOWN!
VIVA!
OKEY COKE
PASS DEM DOWN!
PASSA DEM DOWN!
PACSA DEMA DOWN!
OK
OK
OK
ABOUT TIME! GIVEA DEM HERE!
HERE SA DA BOTTLES!
C'MON! LET'S GO BEFORE WE GET CAUGHT! HEY!
WAIT! WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT?
STOP! DONTA LAUNCH!
OH OH! THE J GS UP! THEY RE WISE!
I GOTTA PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM IL DUCE!
MY FRENDS! DESA ISS A GREAT DAY FORA DA AXIS! DA MASS LAUNCHING OF DESA NEW SUPER-TRANSPORTS WILL BE HEARD AROUND DA WORLD!
WITHA DESA FINE SHIPS WE WILL SOON WIN DA WAR! THEN WE CAN ALLA GO TO NEW YORK AND GETA RICH QUICK! BLA BLA
HEY! WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THINGS START POPPING!
WHEW!
BRAVO!
VIVA IL DUCE!
7

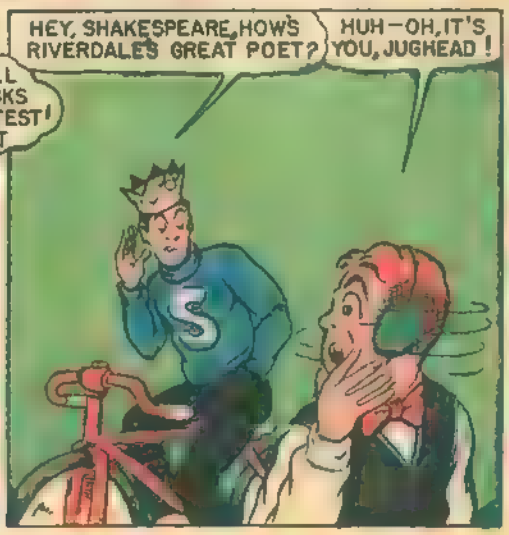
OKAY! LET'S GO! ONE... TWO... THREE!
BOOM-BOOM! BOOM!
HA HA HA HA HA
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE AIRPORT BEFORE THEY FIGURE OUT! RUN!
PASTA FASOOL! WHATSA MATA? ATSA TOO MUCH!
HERE COMES A GUARD! I THOUGHT EVERYBODY WAS DOWN AT THE DOCK!
EASY! MAYBE WE CAN BLUFF HIM!
STOPA! WAITA UP!
I HEARD WANA BIG NOSE! WATSA MATTA?
WELL ER...
OH BABY! ONE OF OUR PLANES!
THAT ENGLISH PLANE! HE'S A DROP A BOMB ON OUR NEW BOATS! I'LL SHOOTA HEEM DOWN!
CARAMBA! GO AHEAD!
GIVA HEEM ONE FOR ME!
?? ZABAGLIONE! THAT WASA A ENGLISH UNIFORM?
LOOK! A TONY PLANE! --- SAY! WHAT IS HE DOING?
V, EH? WELL, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD RECOMMENDATION!
AFTER CONTINUING ACROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN TOGETHER, THE TWO PLANES FINALLY LAND IN EGYPT...
THAT GUY HELPED US OUT OF A TOUGH SPOT!
I'LL GO OVER AND SAY THANKS!
SO IT'S YOU! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF FOLLOWING US?
FOLLOWING YOU? WHY YOU IDIOTS DELIGHT! COME DOWN OUTTA THERE AN' I'LL SLAP YOUR EARS BACK!
THANKS! FOR ALL THE SWELL LETTERS YOU SENT ME! IT WAS PRETTY TOUGH PICKING THE BEST ONES, BUT WE FINALLY DECIDED THE PICTURES OF TWERP AND MYSELF BE SENT TO LPALL HILF OF PITTSBURGH, PA. AND
2. JANET HALSTEN, OF MELBOURNE, FLORIDA.
8

Archie


PSSST, ARCHIE! ARCHIE!
QUIT BOTHERING ME, JUGHEAD — I'VE ENTERED A LIMERICK CONTEST WITH A HUNDRED BUCKS AS FIRST PRIZE. NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET THIS LAST LINE TO RHYME, I'LL BE ALL SET!
B-BUT, ARCHIE...
by "ARCHIE" HOLMDALE

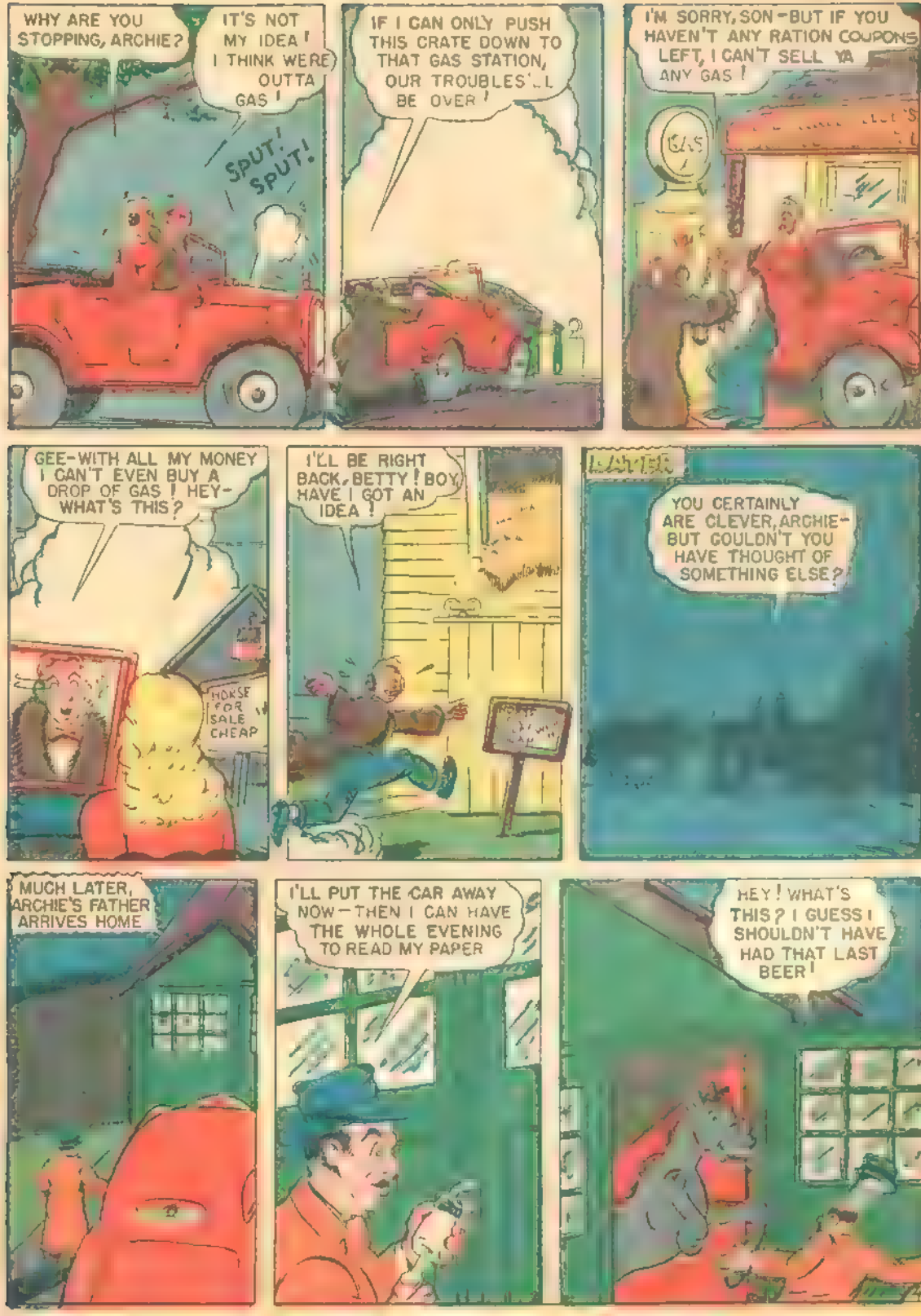

(GULP) HELLO, MISS GRUNDY. I-I-ER-YOU SEE I'M JUST—!
HMMMPH! NO EXCUSES, ARCHIE ANDREWS. I'LL SEE YOU AFTER SCHOOL!


LATER
JEEPERS, NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME—BUT WAIT'LL I WIN THAT HUNDRED BUCKS FROM THIS LIMERICK CONTEST! THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT THEN—I BET!


HEY, SHAKESPEARE, HOW'S RIVERDALE'S GREAT POET?
HUH—OH, IT'S YOU, JUGHEAD!

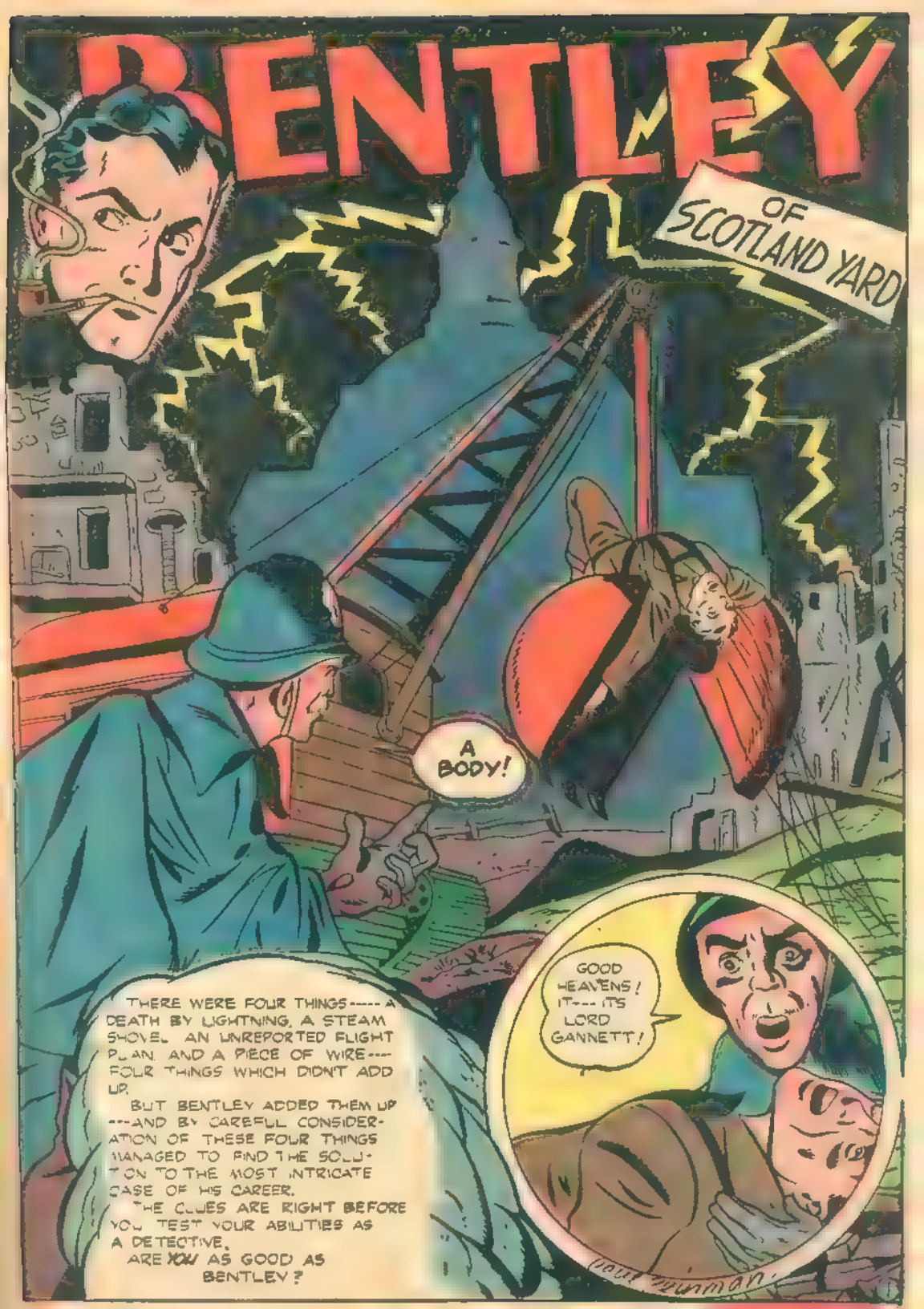
YOU CAN LAUGH IF YA WANT TO - BUT JUST WAIT'LL I WIN THIS LIMERICK CONTEST! I'M MAILING MY ENTRY NOW —
HAW-HAW-THAT GUY ARCHIE SURE HAS SOME SCREWY IDEAS HMM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA ON HOW I CAN PLAY A SWELL GAG ON HIM I'LL JUST GO DOWN TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE!
ARCHIE, THE DOORBELL'S RINGING!
I'LL GET IT, MOM!
TELEGRAM FOR ARCHIE ANDREWS! SIGN HERE!
JUST A MINUTE! I'LL CALL HI-SAY! THAT'S ME! Q-QUICK, THAT MAY.....
YIPPEE - I WON! I WON! ZOWIE! I'M RICH! A HUNDRED BUCKS!
BOY! WAIT'LL I TELL THE GANG! I'LL BET THEY'LL BE SURPRISED! JUST THINK OF ALL THE THINGS I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY — I'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO RETIRE AND GET SOME KID TO ATTEND MY CLASSES FOR ME! GEE, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT — A HUNDRED BUCKS!
TELEGRAM
MR ARCHIE ANDREWS RIVERDALE
THIS IS TO NOTIFY YOU THAT YOU HAVE WON FIRST PRIZE IN OUR LIMERICK CONTEST — YOUR $100 00 CHECK WILL ARRIVE SHORTLY —
SWEETIE CANDY INC
O.K FELLERS - STEP UP TO THE FOUNTAIN - THE TREATS ON ME!
HUH?
WOW! SAY THAT AGAIN!
HEY, ARCHIE! WHAT'RE YA GOIN' TO USE FOR MONEY? YOU KNOW HOW YOUR CREDIT STANDS!
JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS TELEGRAM, ICKY!
WELL? DO YOU WANT ME TO BRING MY BUSINESS TO SOME OTHER ICE CREAM EMPORIUM?
WOW! A HUNDRED BERRIES! THE HOUSE IS YOURS, ARCHIE!

YOU SURE ARE A SPORT, ARCHIE!
AW, FORGET IT, AN' HAVE ANOTHER ROUND, BOYS!
WOW! DO I FEEL SICK! IN A PLEASANT SORTA WAY, THOUGH!
BOY, HE FELL FOR THE GAG HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!
I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT I JUST CAN'T!
ME, TOO!
I'LL SEE YA LATER, FELLOWS. I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, JUGHEAD? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A RACCOON COAT—AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE MONEY...
JEEPERS, THIS IS GETTING OUTTA HAND—I'D BETTER TELL ARCHIE IT'S ALL A GAG!
SPECIAL RACCOON COAT
Y!, H'IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE, SEE—H'ITS NICE UND SNUG, NO?
HEY, ARCHIE, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOTTA TELL YA!
BUT, ARCHIE!
SHH-TELL ME LATER, JUGHEAD- HOW DO YA LIKE THIS COAT—PRETTY SNAZZY, EH? O.K., UNCLE, I'LL TAKE IT
IT'S PREKTICAL A STEAL AT $42.97- IN CASH, OF CUSS!
DON'T WORRY, UNK! JUST CHARGE IT—HERE, THIS TELEGRAM WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
HMM... I DUN'T LIKE CREDIT. BUT IN THIS CASE, I SUPPOSE H'ITS HOKAY!
B-BUT!
B-BUT ARCHIE, I'VE GOTTA TELL YA SOMETHING!
NOT NOW, JUGHEAD! I'VE GOTTA BE OFF AND SEE IF I CAN FIND BETTY AN' TELL HER THE BIG NEWS!
HI, BETTY! WAIT UP! BOY, HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU!
HUH—OH HELLO, ARCHIE!
OH, ARCHIE! I THINK IT'S SIMPLY GRAND, YOU WINNING THE LIMERICK CONTEST! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU'D BE A SUCCESS!
SO DID I. BUT I WASN'T SURE JUST WHEN!


WHY ARE YOU STOPPING, ARCHIE?
IT'S NOT MY IDEA! I THINK WE'RE OUTTA GAS!
SPUT! SPUT!
IF I CAN ONLY PUSH THIS CRATE DOWN TO THAT GAS STATION, OUR TROUBLES'LL BE OVER!
I'M SORRY, SON - BUT IF YOU HAVEN'T ANY RATION COUPONS LEFT, I CAN'T SELL YA ANY GAS!
GAS
GEE - WITH ALL MY MONEY I CAN'T EVEN BUY A DROP OF GAS! HEY - WHAT'S THIS?
HORSE FOR SALE CHEAP
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, BETTY! BOY, HAVE I GOT AN IDEA!
YOU CERTAINLY ARE CLEVER, ARCHIE - BUT COULDN'T YOU HAVE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING ELSE?
MUCH LATER, ARCHIE'S FATHER ARRIVES HOME
I'LL PUT THE CAR AWAY NOW - THEN I CAN HAVE THE WHOLE EVENING TO READ MY PAPER
HEY! WHAT'S THIS? I GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD THAT LAST BEER!

WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE! WAIT'LL I FIND ARCHIE!
SINCE WHEN HAS OUR GARAGE BECOME A STABLE?
B-BUT, POP!
DINNER IS READY!
AND SO ARCHIE IS SAVED BY THE DINNER BELL..... BUT NOT FOR LONG, YOU CAN BE SURE!!
WHEW!
BUT AT THIS MOMENT....
YI! I FORGOT TO FEED HIM!
ER....THAT'S THE FRONT DOOR BELL-MAYBE I'D BETTER ANSWER IT!
RINGG!
OH, IT'S THE BUTCHER-GOSH, I'M SURE GLAD YOU'VE COME. HAVE YA BROUGHT EVERYTHING?
YEAH! FIRST TIME WE EVER HAD AN ORDER OF HOT DOGS AND PASTRAM, FOR A HORSE!
JUGHEAD ALSO MAKES HIS APPEARANCE...
I JUST CAME OVER TO TELL YA SOMETHING, ARCHIE!
O.K. COM'N IN!
AND SO JUGHEAD TELLS ARCHIE THE SAD STORY...
SO YA SEE, THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED, AND IT WAS ONLY A GAG!
WOE IS ME! WHY DON'T PEOPLE TELL ME THESE THINGS?
FOR THE LAST TIME-I TELL YOU I REFUSE TO PAY FOR IT!
LISTEN, BUD, YOUR SON CAN'T GO AROUND ORDERING THINGS AND THEN REFUSE TO PAY FOR THEM!

AND AS IF ARCHIE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE:
HOW ABOUT PAYING FOR THAT HORSE YA BOUGHT?
NEVER MIND THE HORSE – JUST SETTLE FOR THAT RACCOON COAT!
GEE – YOU'VE GOT COMPANY ARCHIE!
WE WANT OUR MONEY!
I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!
JEEZ, HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!
MUST BE SOME KIND OF A CONVENTION GOING ON HERE – HEY! SPECIAL DE-LIVERY FOR ARCHIE ANDREWS!
THAT'S ME!
TWEET TWEET!
YIPPEE!! I WON! I'VE REALLY WON THE CONTEST!
HURRY, LET'S SEE THE CHECK!
THERE'S NO CHECK HERE, THE PRIZE IS A HUNDRED DOLLAR WAR BOND!
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, I'M TAKING MY COAT BACK!
ME, TOO! WAIT'LL I GET MY HORSE!
HEY, HOW ABOUT ME? HOW'M I GONNA GET MY SODAS BACK?
WHAT'RE YA LOOKING AT ME FOR? SEE ARCHIE!
NOW THAT YOUR DEBTS ARE SETTLED WITH THOSE OTHER GUYS – YOU CAN COME WITH ME AND SQUARE OFF THAT SODA BILL!
B-BUT, I DON'T SEE HOW, DO YOU?
HOW CAN YA DRINK THAT STUFF, JUGHEAD? WHEN I GET FINISHED WORKING MY BILL OFF – I HOPE I NEVER SEE ICE CREAM AGAIN!
The END
HEY, GANG! HAVE YA HEARD OF THE SPECIAL TREAT WE'RE GONNA HAVE FOR YOU SOON? IT'S A BRAND NEW COMIC MAGAZINE, AND IT'S NAMED AFTER ME! SO WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR NEWS DEALERS! THANKS, PALS!


BENTLEY
OF SCOTLAND YARD
A BODY!
GOOD HEAVENS! IT--- ITS LORD GANNETT!
THERE WERE FOUR THINGS---- A DEATH BY LIGHTNING, A STEAM SHOVEL AN UNREPORTED FLIGHT PLAN AND A PIECE OF WIRE---- FOUR THINGS WHICH DIDN'T ADD UP.
BUT BENTLEY ADDED THEM UP ---AND BY CAREFUL CONSIDERATION OF THESE FOUR THINGS MANAGED TO FIND THE SOLUTION TO THE MOST INTRICATE CASE OF HIS CAREER.
THE CLUES ARE RIGHT BEFORE YOU TEST YOUR ABILITIES AS A DETECTIVE.
ARE YOU AS GOOD AS BENTLEY?

EARLY THIS MORNING LORD GANNETT WAS FOUND DEAD NEAR HIS HOME STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! LORD GANNETT HAD APPARENTLY PARACHUTED FROM A PLANE
BBC
WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS PRINT THE STORY ALL ENGLAND IS ASTONISHED!
LORD GANNETT! WHAT A PITY!
HOW TERRIBLE!
AND IN HIS OFFICE BENTLEY SCANS THE SAME NEWSPAPER---
LORD GANNETT FOUND DEAD ON HUGE STEAM SHOVEL AT GREENWICH
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS! I'VE GOT THE LIST OF ALL FLIGHT PLANS IN LONDON--- AND NO PLANE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OVER GREENWICH!
BUT THEN HOW COULD HE HAVE PARACHUTED ONTO THE STEAM SHOVEL?... I THINK I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!
LATER---
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE STEAM SHOVEL NOW!
SUDDENLY, WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF LONDON STORMS LIGHTNING STREAKS THE SKY...
HMMM! THE WEATHER'S ACTING UP!
WELL, I CAN'T BE WORRYING ABOUT THAT! LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND ANYTHING INTERESTING ON THE STEAM SHOVEL!
2

GLORY! A MIKE! I WONDER WHAT IS DOING UP HERE? LET'S SEE NOW...
WHAM
THINKING SWIFTLY BENTLEY LEAPS FROM THE CRANE--
WHEW! IF I HADN'T JUMPED IN TIME THAT LIGHTNING WOULD HAVE FINISHED ME!--- HEY, HOLD ON A MINUTE! I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW A LIGHT BLINKING FROM THAT HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD, JUST AS THE LIGHTNING STRUCK! FUNNY! MAYBE I'D BETTER GO OVER THERE----
WHAT--- BY JOVE! THIS IS LORD GANNETT'S HOUSE!
I'M BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD!
I'M INVESTIGATING THE DEATH OF LORD GANNETT! WILL YOU ASK ALL THE MEMBERS OF HOUSEHOLD TO ASSEMBLE?
AT ONCE, SIR!
I SAY, WHO IS IT, JENNINGS?
IT'S INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD, DR. EDWARDS! HE'S ASKED ME TO ASSEMBLE THE FAMILY, SIR!
3

I'M JENNINGS, SIR!
I'M DR. EDWARDS, LORD GANNETT WAS MY NEPHEW!
I'M THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, INSPECTOR!
I'M THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, LORD GANNETT'S COUSIN! I PRESUME YOUR VISIT IS IN REFERENCE TO LORD GANNETT'S UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT?
I'M SORRY, DUKE! I SUSPECT THAT IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT! IT WAS MURDER!
MURDER, EH? THEN YOU HAD A HAND IN IT, BEDFORD! YOU WERE ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO GET YOUR HANDS ON THE LORD'S FORTUNE!
WHAT!
WHY, YOU LYING FOOL, I'LL
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!
WE'VE GOT TO WORK TOGETHER AND SOLVE THIS CASE--NOT FIGHT ABOUT IT!
ALL RIGHT, BENTLEY--BUT HIS ACCUSATION IS ABSOLUTELY UNTRUE!
I'M SORRY BENTLEY, MAYBE I DID GO OFF ON A LIMB... BUT I'M SO BROKEN UP BY MY NEPHEW'S DEATH THAT I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING!
I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, DOCTOR!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY! THIS IS ONE INSULT TOO MUCH! COME, MARIA!
HENRY! HENRY! YOU SHOULDN'T ACT THIS WAY! GEORGE DIDN'T MEAN WHAT HE SAID!

DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, INSPECTOR! HE'S HAD THESE TANTRUMS BEFORE!
I'M AFRAID I MUST, DOCTOR...
I'VE GOT TO GO UPSTAIRS AND ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS!
AND WHILE I'M UPSTAIRS, I THINK I'LL LOOK AROUND FOR THAT BLINKING LIGHT I SAW!
THERE'S THE WINDOW FACING THE STEAM SHOVEL! THE LIGHT PROBABLY CAME FROM THERE!
AND THIS DOOR IS RIGHT IN BACK OF THE WINDOW!
I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM!
JUST AS I THOUGHT!
WHAT DOES BENTLEY SEE IN THE ROOM? DO YOU KNOW?
WAS LORD GANNETT MURDERED? AND IF SO ----- WHO IS THE KILLER? IS IT DOCTOR EDWARDS? JENNINGS THE BUTLER? THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD? OR THE DUKE OF BEDFORD?
READ ON AND SEE ----------
5

WHAT A WEIRD LOOKING MACHINE!
THIS IS THE MACHINE USED TO MURDER GANNETT! THE KILLER PROBABLY KNOCKED GANNETT OUT PUT HIM ON THE STEAM SHOVEL AND THEN ELECTROCUTED HIM WITH THIS MACHINE SO THAT IT WOULD APPEAR TO BE ACCIDENTAL DEATH BY LIGHTNING!
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?
NOT SO FAST... DR. EDWARDS!
HELP! I'M FALLING AGAINST THE MACHINE!
YAAAAAAAAH
THERE'S YOUR MURDERER! I SUSPECTED SOME ELECTRICAL DEVICE HAD BEEN USED WHEN I SAW A WIRE ON THE STEAM SHOVEL! AND WHEN I WAS ALMOST KILLED BY LIGHTNING AND SAW A LIGHT BLINKING HERE, I DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE!
EDWARDS INVENTED A NEW WAR WEAPON--AND HE WORKED SO HARD AT IT THAT IT AFFECTED HIS BRAIN. WHEN THE MACHINE WAS COMPLETED AND READY TO TEST, HE DIDN'T CARE WHO HE USED AS A GUINEA PIG. SO HE SELECTED HIS NEPHEW! .... BUT EDWARDS HAS PAID FOR HIS CRIME! HE DIED MOST FITTINGLY-- BY HIS OWN MURDER WEAPON!
THE END

FREE WITH THIS OFFER

33 POWER TELESCOPE LENS KIT

You can now own a genuine high powered telescope by making it in one evening of easy work. It is included **FREE** with this Special Offer of WONDERS OF SCIENCE, SIMPLIFIED. All the optical parts are completely finished for a refracting, astronomical telescope over 4 feet long. You can see the mountains and craters on the moon, the ringed planet Saturn, Jupiter and double stars, etc. See airplanes, ships and hundreds of other interesting sights. Makes objects miles away appear close. Complete lens kit contains 2" diameter ground and polished objective lens and 33 power eyepiece lens made in the good old U.S.A. with full directions for mounting. Read how you can get your 33 power telescope lens kit **FREE** with this offer.

WONDERS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE IN THRILLING STORY AND 1,000 PICTURES

You can now enter the wondrous world of tomorrow. You can now go on thrilling tours through the wonderland of Science. Here is the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope. Here are tours through talking picture studios and television studios. Here is aviation opening up the new world of speed and distance. And here, too, is the photo-electric cell, the marvelous eagle eye that will make men of the future supermen. These and hundreds of others are all yours in the three exciting volumes of WONDERS OF SCIENCE, SIMPLIFIED.

3 GREAT VOLUMES BOUND TOGETHER CONTAIN 1,000 PICTURES AND 15 BOOKS

This fascinating work contains three thrilling volumes bound together. It is packed with a thousand pictures which simplify its contents. Think of it—dozens and dozens, hunderds and hundreds of scientific pictures. Pictures of all kinds on Mechanics, Astronomy, Physics, Biology, etc. —dynamic diagrams, panoramic illustrations, and action-photographs up to 100 square inches in size! These hundreds and hundreds of dazzling illustrations cram three gorgeous volumes—and each of the three volumes is almost a foot high, and when opened, over a foot wide!

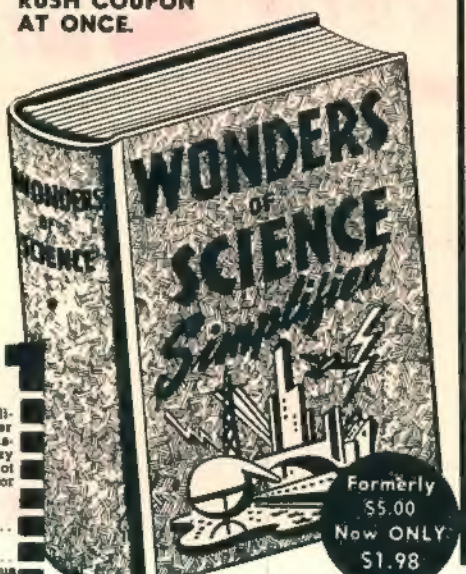
YOUR FRIENDS WILL ADMIRE YOU

Through the simplicity of the text, the tremendous record of Science is brought lavishly before you. The mightiest marvels of mankind thrill you as you read their stories. Invention. Geography, Zoology, Engineering, etc.—they are so simple and easy to understand. No wonder every person who has read and mastered this exciting wonderbook becomes a "walking encyclopedia" and is looked up to by his friends as a "scientific wizard."

BIG FREE OFFER — SEND NO MONEY

These three great, profusely-illustrated volumes of WONDERS OF SCIENCE, SIMPLIFIED (bound together) formerly sold for $5.00. But it is offered to you now for only $1.98 plus postage. Act at once and we will include **FREE** with your order the 33 power long distance telescope lens kit described above. You take no risk because you must be 100% delighted or you may return for full refund within five days. **ACT NOW**—as this offer is limited to the supply of 33 power telescope lens kits available. This offer may never be yours again.

RUSH COUPON AT ONCE.



METRO PUBLICATIONS,
70 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. 584, NEW YORK

Send me a copy of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (three dazzling volumes bound together, over 1,000 illustrations) . . . also include my long distance telescope lens kit with this order. I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied I may return them within five days for full refund.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

☐ Check here if you are enclosing $1.98, thus saving mailing costs (same guarantee).

HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, MAPS, DRAWINGS, ETC.

3 Volumes Bound in 1

Volume I— PARTIAL CONTENTS

WONDERS OF NATURE

BOOK 1. History & Mystery of Astronomy
How Men Used to Think of Earth and Sky
How the Solar System Originated
The Enormous Size of Some Stars

BOOK 2. Oddest Phenomena on Earth
Spouting Fountains of Boiling Water
A Marvellous Mountain of Solid Salt

BOOK 3. Watching the World Change
How Continents and Oceans Were Formed
How We Know Ground Sinks and Rises
Strange Tale of a Buried Town

BOOK 4. Secrets of Weather Simplified
Storms on Sun and Storms on Earth
The Strange Antics of a Ball of Fire

BOOK 5. Through Wonderland of Nature
The Regions of Frost and Fire
The Inside of an Active Volcano

Volume II— PARTIAL CONTENTS

WONDERS OF POPULAR SCIENCE

BOOK 6. Pictorial Outline of Progress
Nearly Two Centuries of Steamships
Queer Forerunners of the Motor-Car
Development of the Modern Locomotive

BOOK 7. Amazing Adventures in Science
The Mystery of the Burning Glass
The Marvel of the Electro-Magnet
The Wonder of the Infra-Red Rays

BOOK 8. Seven Wonders of Modern World
How a Telescope Brings Things Near
How a Microscope Makes Things Big
The Latest Method of Television

BOOK 9. Manual of Simplified Experiments
Science Experiments for Everybody
Experiments With Simple Chemicals

BOOK 10. How Great Inventions Work
Inside of a Great Modern Steamship
A Big Coal Mine With the Lid Off
How a Submarine Sinks and Rises

Volume III— PARTIAL CONTENTS

WONDERS OF LIFE

BOOK 11. Creatures in Prehistoric Ages
Life on Earth 50 Million Years Ago
Life on Earth 250,000 Years Ago

BOOK 12. Marvels of Plant Life
Plants That Catch and Eat Insects
Strange Freaks of Plant Growth

BOOK 13. Strangest Fish in the Sea
Some Nightmares of the Deep Sea
Queer Fishes That Crawl on Land

BOOK 14. The Animal Wonder Book
The Animal the World Nearly Lost
The Ugliest of All the Animals

BOOK 15. Miraculous Machine called Man
The Wonderful Way the Brain Works
What Your Body Looks Like Inside

Jim Prentice Announces His Super ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Hi Boys!

These new Electric Games are built on Sturdy Wood Frames size 14 x 16 inches. Electrically Illuminated Colorful Handsomely Lacquered Playing Fields. BE SURE you get yours this Christmas!

One Minute to Play-- 70 yds. Down the field ZOOM! OUT of DANGER

THIS is just one of 176 exciting moments you face playing Jim Prentice's new idea of *America's Greatest Game*. You get all the breath-taking thrills, the hours of good fun, making long field goals, intercepting forwards, bucking the line, winging bullet-like passes, blocking, tackling, smearing fake kicks, trick plays, and so on.

You call the plays and direct the strategy. If you know winning football and out-smart your opponent you gain more and lose less yards as the little pigskin moves up and down the field. The uncertainties of an actual game are ever present, always providing a fighting chance for the team that's trailing.

This is the greatest game ever invented, America's No. One Best Seller. Comes in an attractive gift box. $2. postpaid. Batteries available at your neighborhood store.

Electric Baseball

A FLASHY big electric diamond with all the *thrills* of Big League Baseball! Furnishes plenty of excitement and loads of opportunity for real baseball strategy, whether you're "at bat" or "in the field!" Complete with new Electric features, Runners, Lights, Scoring Device, etc. in bright red gift box. $2.00

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW — AVOID CHRISTMAS RUSH

ELECTRIC GAME COMPANY, INC.
22 Bridge Street, Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed _____

_____ ELECTRIC FOOTBALL $2, less Batteries.
_____ ELECTRIC BASEBALL $2, less Batteries.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____

$2 less Batteries

ORDER EARLY!